

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS HEATH AS "JANE SHORE."

RAILWAYS.

MANCHESTER SHEFFIELD AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

LINCOLN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 14th and 15th FEBRUARY. Cheap Excursions to LINCOLN will run as under:—
Rotherham (Central) (dep.) 8.30 a.m.; Tinsley 8.36, Broughton Lane 8.41, Sheffield (Vic. Sta.) 9.0, Darnall 9.7, Woodhouse 9.16, Kiveton Park 9.29, Shireoaks 9.37, Worksop 9.43, Retford (G.N.) 10.0, Leverton 10.12, Cottam 10.16, Torksey 10.20, Lincoln (arr. about) 10.40.
Returning from Lincoln (Gt. Northern Station) at 6.15 p.m. each day.
No luggage allowed.
R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager,
London-road Station, Manchester, January, 1878.

MANCHESTER SHEFFIELD AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

LINCOLN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 14th and 15th FEBRUARY, Cheap Excursions to LINCOLN will run as under:—
Hull (Corporation Pier) (dep.) 7 a.m.; Barton 7.5, 9.45; New Holland 7.30, 10.0; Goxhill 7.36, Grimsby Docks 7.23, 9.45; Grimsby Town 7.30, 9.5; Ulceby 7.46, 10.12; Brocklesby 8.0, 10.6; Barnetby 8.9, 10.39; Howsham 8.18, 10.48; North Kelsey 8.23, 10.53; Moortown 8.28, 10.58; Holton 8.33, 11.3; Usselby 8.40, 11.10; Market Rasen 8.48, 11.18; Wickensby 8.57, 11.27; Snelland 9.2, 11.32.
Returning from Lincoln (Midland Station) at 6.35 p.m. each day.
No Luggage allowed.
R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager,
London-road Station, Manchester, January, 1878.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct

route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.
From Glasgow. From Liverpool.
OLYMPIA Saturday, Feb. 9 Saturday, Feb. 16.
INDIA Saturday, Feb. 23 Saturday, March 2.
MACEDONIA to follow.
First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers, 10, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COM-

PANY (Limited).—Head Office, Christchurch, New Zealand.—Intending passengers to the Colony are invited to inspect the fine clipper ships of this line, lying in the South West India Dock, London, which have been fitted with every convenience for the comfort and safety of passengers. The fastest passage from the colony has been made by the Company's fine iron clipper OTAKI, viz., 68 days from Port Chalmers to the Downs.
For full particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 84, Bishopsgate-street, Within.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.
Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

Last 6 Nights of the Grand Equestrian Entertainment at the

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL GREAT HALL, ISLINGTON.—MORNING PERFORMANCES Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2, and Every Evening at 7. The GRAND EST ENIETMENT in the WORLD. THREE GREAT and TALENTED CIRCUS COMPANIES. Horse Racing, Steeplechasing, Roman Racing, Chariot Racing, Elephant Racing, Camel and Dromedary Racing, the Sports of the Roman Amphitheatre; the Grand Military Spectacle, THE BOMBARDMENT AND FALL OF PLEVNA.—On Friday, February 15th, a recheche Programme for the Benefit of Messrs. John Sanger and Son. Saturday, Grand Gala and Festival, Last Night of the Season. Prices from 6d. to 3s. Acting Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand; Secretary, Mr. Herbert Wycheley.
Sole Proprietors, JOHN SANGER and SONS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly,

NEWLY and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED. THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT. FORTY ARTISTS of KNOWN EMINENCE. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, Raised and Cushioned Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 and at 7.0. No fees. No charge for programmes. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the Hall.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The new lion house is now open. Among the latest additions are a herd of fine reindeer, a red wolf from Buenos Ayres, a family of Gelada monkeys, and a Jackass Penguin.

NEW SECOND PART.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. A HAPPY BUNGALOW, by Arthur Law, asic by King Hall; A MUSICAL ALMANAC (last representations), Mr. Corney Grain, and ANSWER PAID New second part by F. C. rmand, Music by Walter Austin. Every Evening, except Thursday and urday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission 1s., 2s. ills, 3s., and 5s. can be secured in advance, without fee. ST. GEORGE'S ALL, LANGHAM PLACE, OXFORD CIRCUS.

MOHAWK MINSTRELS.—If any proof were

needed of the steadily increasing popularity of the above Minstrels was to be found in the enthusiastic and crowded audience on the occasion our visit. The programme was varied enough to satisfy the most captious, and the Entertainment, on the whole, so excellently rendered that it were viduous to select any for special praise yet mention should be made of the apital rendering of the old negro song, "Ole Bob Ridley," by Mr. Ted now, and the eccentric comedy by Mr. Hall. We were glad to see the core nuisance firmly, but gently, suppressed.

THE CANTERBURY.—The Western Mail

says:—"The Canterbury has become a popular and fashionable place of amusement."

MORNING PERFORMANCE on SATUR-

DAY, February 2.—Doors open at 2.30; performance at 3. Carriages at 5 o'clock. Private boxes, £1 1s. and £2 2s.; Fauteuils reserved), 5s., obtainable at the principal Music Libraries and Box Agents; stalls (numbered), 3s.; balcony 2s.; hall, 1s.; upper balcony, 6d. Children half-price, except to upper balcony.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.—The

Whitchall Review says:—"I would as lief go to the Canterbury as to the Gaiety, and I cannot award it higher praise."

PLEVNA.—Punch says:—"One of the best

arranged tableaux I have ever seen on any stage, be it where it may; and this is a very strong thing to say."

PLEVNA.—Variety Entertainment and Comic

Ballet EVERY EVENING at THE CANTERBURY.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BISHOPSGATE.—The Grand New Pantomime, THE ENCHANTED PRINCE; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEARS. Morning Performances every Monday and Thursday, at 1 o'clock. Children under to half-price to all parts. Every Evening at 7.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Every Evening during the Week, will be produced the Grand Christmas Comic Pantomime, THE WHITE CAT, by E. L. Blanchard, scenery by W. Beverley, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in London. Double Harlequinade. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE. Every Evening, at 8, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, Comedy in 3 Acts, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. Characters by Mesdames Ellen Terry, Gaston Murray, Stephens, Aubrey. Messrs. C. Kelly, J. Clarke, A. Bishop, R. Cathcart, Carton, and Hare. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Doors open at 7.30.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

LYCEUM.—Mrs. S. F. Bateman, Lessee and

Manager. MR. HENRY IRVING, by general request, will appear until further notice on alternate nights in his most popular characters. The plays will be given as follows:—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, THE BELLS. Tuesday and Friday, LYONS MAIL. Morning Performances suspended until after the production of Louis XI. Carriages every evening at 10.45.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. 300TH NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS. Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis, Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. LAST TWELVE NIGHTS OF A NIGHT OF TERROR. To-night (Saturday, February 9th), for twelve nights only, at 7.30, A HAPPY MAN. Paddy Murphy, Mr. Shiel Barry; after which CRAZED, first time in this theatre, Mr. W. J. Hill in his original part. Concluding for the last 12 Nights with A NIGHT OF TERROR. Supported by Messrs. W. J. Hill, C. Ashford, P. Day, Dalton, and John Howson; Mesdames Katrina Munroe, Violet Cameron, &c. LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, the great Parisian success, on Saturday, 23rd Feb. Musical Director, Mr. Edward Solomon; Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—992nd

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (992nd and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestock, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richard Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended. N.B.—100th Night of OUR BOYS, Tuesday, Feb. 19th. Messrs. James and Thorne have great pleasure in announcing that on this occasion the entire gross receipts will be handed to the Lord Mayor for distribution amongst Charitable Institutions.

OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SPECTRE

KNIGHT. To-night and every evening at 8 o'clock, this New and Original Fanciful Operetta, by Messrs. J. Albery and Alfred Cellier. New scene by Messrs. Gordon and Hartford; costumes by Mrs. May.

OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SORCERER.—

8th PERFORMANCE.—Every Evening, this original modern comic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Twelfth Morning Performance of THE SORCERER, SATURDAY Next, Feb. 9th, at 2.30. Miss Irene Ware as Aline. At 4.30, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun's, Musical Drawing-room Sketch, THE PUDDINGTON PENNY READINGS (by request).

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Every Evening at

7.30 the performance will commence with Toole's celebrated comedy in three acts, PAUL PRY; Paul Pry, Mr. Lionel Brough. Followed at 9.15 by an entirely new Bouffonnerie Musicale, by Messrs. Farnie and Reece, entitled MADCAP, with new scenery and costumes. The music selected from the principal compositions of Lecocq, Offenbach, Strauss, Hervé, Planquette, Chabrier, &c., by A. J. Levy. Principal characters by Miss Kate Santley, Miss Rose Cullen, &c., Messrs. W. H. Fisher, F. Mervin, Beyer, and Lionel Brough. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 11 till 5 daily.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

Walter Gooch.—Miss HEATH as Jane Shore.—182nd Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of W. G. Wills's Drama, JANE SHORE, it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer, with the following exceptional cast: Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. K. Power, &c. Preceded, at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. Great Snow Scene (winter by night).

NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of Ross Niel's Play, ELFINELLA. Free List suspended.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management

of Mr. RIGHTON. Mr. TOOLE in Henry J. Byron's New and Original Comic Drama, A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, at 7.45, preceded by, at 7, MY WIFE'S OUT, concluding with ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Morning performance this day at 2, DEARER THAN LIFE AND STEEPLECHASE, J. L. Toole and Lionel Brough. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Mrs. Rousby, for 12

nights only. TWIXT AXE AND CROWN, every evening at 8.15, preceded at 7.30 by a COMEDietta, Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Arthur Sterling, C. H. Brooke, John Billington; Mesdames Maude Milton, Marie Gordon, and Mrs. Rousby. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box office open daily, from 11 till 5.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

Samuel Hayes.—Open for the Season for New and Old Comedies. Miss Ada Cavendish (her farewell engagement previous to her departure for America. Supported by a powerful caste. Commence at 8. No fees of any description.

SURREY THEATRE.—Another Glorious

Triumph.—The Pantomime is emphatically declared again the best.—Every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, written expressly by Frank W. Green. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2. Children Half-price to all parts, morning performances only.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,

City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest. MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME every Monday. Every evening at 7.15 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry; entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY; OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Characters by Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, Geo. Conquest, junr., &c. Misses Maud Stafford, Mabel Verner, M. A. Victor, Denvil, Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Sisters Spiller. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Son. Acting Manager, Mr. Geo. Conquest, junr., General Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC THEATRE,

Islington. Proprietor, Mr. CHARLES HEAD. GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT. Grand revival.—Enthusiastic reception of Miss ALICE MAY as Drogan; Miss Alice Burville as Genevieve; Mons. Bury, the original Gendarme; Bright music, brilliant costumes, new scenery and decorations. The piece is produced under the direction of Mr. D'Oyly Carte. "We may confidently predict a great success for the revival."—Standard. Preceded at 7.30 by SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Prices 1s. to £2 2s. Doors open at 7.0, commence 7.30.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further notice at 6.45, the Immensely Successful New Christmas Pantomime called ROMINA-GROBIS; or, THE TAIL OF A CAT. Alaine by Mrs. S. Lane. Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster. Messrs. Bigwood Lewis, Rhoyds, Hyde, Milles, Summers, Rayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Grand Transformation Scene. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Wray, Drayton, Reeve, Towers. Milles, Adams, Bellair, Pettifer.

EVANS'S

CONCERT AND SUPPER ROOMS,

COVENT GARDEN.

The CAFE part of these celebrated SUPPER ROOMS is Now Open for the reception of Ladies. The body of the Hall being still reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

EVANS'S WORLD-RENOVED CHOIR OF BOYS, Every

Evening, specially trained by, and under the direction of

Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

Admission, One Shilling. Ladies, Two Shillings.

OPEN AT EIGHT. FIRST CHORUS AT 8.30.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week

ending Feb. 16.

Monday, Feb. 11th, Orchestral Band, Gonza's Troupe, last day of Holden's Marionettes.

Tuesday, Feb. 12th, First Dramatic Performance of Season, under direction of Mr. E. Kington, Lord Lytton's MONEY. Mr. H. Neville, Mr. E. Kington, Mr. G. W. Anson (by permission of Mr. H. Neville) Mr. C. Collette, Mr. Garner, Mr. F. H. Macklin, Mr. D'Arley, Mr. J. W. Bradbury, Mr. Grainger, Mr. Seaworthy, Master Steyne, Mr. Coppin; Miss Blanche Stammers, Miss Hewitt, and Mrs. John Wood (by permission of Mr. H. Neville). Last performance of Gonza's Troupe. Orchestral band.

Wednesday, Feb. 13th, Orchestral Band.

Thursday, Feb. 14th, Dramatic Performance, Paul Merritt's STOLEN KISSES, by the Company of the Globe Theatre. Orchestral Band.

Friday, Feb. 15th, Orchestral Band.

Saturday, Feb. 16th, Saturday Concert, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, M. Wieniawski.

Daily Performance by Dr. Lynn's Hindoo Conjurers and Snake

Charmers, Swing Marionettes, and Galatea Mystery.

Admission to Palace, Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—PANTOMIME,

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, Daily at 3.30. Everyone

should see the Great Transformation Scene, "Vertumna and the Swallows," the Village Scene and the Equestrian Combat with the Fiery Dragon. The Payne Family specially engaged. Admission to Palace, Theatre, and Hippodrome, 1s., 500 seats at 6d.; reserved seats, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. (children half-price).

The A. P. is reached without leaving cover, from all parts of London.

The Pantomime Train (no changing) leaves King's Cross, 3.3, Broad-

street, 2.32, Moorgate-street, 2.47. Note: Last week of Maraz, the Aerial

Diver.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.

WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of enter-

tainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments.

Doors open at 11. Admission One Shilling.

11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplander, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world) the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News.

3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel, the marvellous.

8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

Benizouc Zuoq Arabs, Herr Schalkenbach on his Orchestre Militaire Electro Moteur, Peterson's Dogs, Heriott and Little Louie. Perform afternoon and evening. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

AFTERNOON THEATRE, ROYAL AQUARIUM.—The Manage-

ment beg to announce a Series of AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES Every Day, at three o'clock, believing, as they do, they will supply a want felt by many to whom dramatic representations in the afternoon are a convenience. A Series of Standard Plays will be produced; and whilst due care will be given to the mounting, mise-en-scene, and costumes, special attention will be devoted to the cast, and every effort will be made to secure the services of the very best artists. The Management, without further prelude, confidently submit their venture to public support. The series will commence MONDAY next, Feb. 11, on which occasion, and during the week, at three every afternoon, will be presented the UNEQUAL MAICH, in which Messrs. W. Farren, Sugden, C. Flockton, H. Kemble, W. Young, J. Fawn; Mesdames M. Litton, K. Phillips, E. Challis, E. Miller, &c., will appear, by permission of the managements of the Prince of Wales's, Haymarket, Olympic, and Vaudeville Theatres. Stalls, 5s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s., (including free admission to the Aquarium; gallery 1s. No fees for booking. On Monday, Feb. 18, and during the week, Mr. Phelps in RICHELIEU and HENRY VIII, on alternate days.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor,

Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—FIRST CONCERT Feb. 14; Herr Joachim's

first appearance in London this season. Single tickets, stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Feb. 14th.—

Madame OSGOOD and Herr JOACHIM. Subscription, three

guineas.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Feb. 28th—

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Signor Piatti, and Madame

Edith Wynne. Subscription, two guineas, and one guinea and a half.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S FOURTEENTH

ANNUAL CONCERT, St. James's-hall, Tuesday Evening, Feb-

ruary 10, at half-past 8. Grand orchestra of 67 performers. Conductor

MR. AUGUST MANNS. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S CONCERT, Tues-

day, February 19. Solo pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache. Vocalists

—Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Maybrick. Tickets, 1s., 3s., 5s., and

10s. 6d.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S CONCERT, Tues-

day, Feb. 19. Beethoven's Fifth Concerto and Liszt's Hungarian

Rhapsodie for piano and orchestra. Cornelius, Three Two-part Songs.

To commence at half past 8. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 34, New

Bond-street; Austin's, St. James's-hall, &c.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—

ADELPHI THEATRE, MONDAY, Feb. 11, and following

evenings, NICOLAI'S CELEBRATED COMIC OPERA.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—Doors open

at 7.30; commence at 8.0. Boxes from £1 11s. 6d. to £3 3s.;

Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.—

Seats may be secured from the principal Librarians; and at the Box-office

from 10 till 5 daily.

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S. T. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent-street and Piccadilly.

A GRAND EVENING CONCERT

Will be given, under the patronage of their Graces The Duke and Duchess of WESTMINSTER and other distinguished personages, in AID of the

FUNDS

CLIO, TRAINING SHIP,

Which is stationed in the Menai Straits, North Wales,

On, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, at 8 o'clock.

The First Part of the Programme will consist of popular

"SONGS OF THE SEA."

Mrs. OSGOOD

will sing "The Emigrant Ship," and "Dearest Heart" (Sullivan).

Miss ANNA WILLIAMS

will sing "Waiving Old Stairs" and "At Last" (Cowen).

Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING

will sing "The Three Fishers" and "The Better Land" (Cowen).

Miss HELEN D'ALTON

will sing "My Love has gone a-Sailing" (Molloy) and "True Hearts" (S. Adams).

Mr. EDWARD LLOYD

will sing "The Death of Nelson," in the duet "All's Well," with Mr.

Walter Clifford, and "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" (S. Adams).

Mr. BARTON M'GUCKIN

will sing "The Anchor's Weighed" and "Yes or No!" (F. Clay).

Mr. MAYBRICK

will sing "True Blue" and "Hearts of Oak."

Mr. WALTER CLIFFORD

will sing New Song (composed expressly for this occasion by Hamilton

Clarke, words by Byron Webber), entitled "Our Lads in Blue," in the

Duet "All's well," with Mr. Edward Lloyd, and "If Doughty Deeds" (Sullivan).

Mr. HENRY PYATT

will sing "Blow High, Blow Low" (Dibdin), and "The Friar of Orders

Grey" (Reeve).

THE LONDON CONCERT GLEE UNION

will sing "The Tar's Song," "Discord," "Pretty Maiden," and

"The Three Chafers."

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI

will play pianoforte solos, "Souvenir d'Italie," "Une Perle," and

"4^{me} Valse de Concert" (Mattei), at the

CLIO TRAINING SHIP CONCERT, ON FRIDAY,

Feb. 22, at Eight o'clock.

Conductors—Mr. SIDNEY NAYLOR, Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE,

and Mr. F. H. COWEN.

The Pianofortes kindly lent for the occasion by Messrs. Broadwood & Co.

and Messrs. Erard & Co.

SONGS OF THE SEA,

by Dibdin, Hatton, Molloy, Braham, Hullah, Boyce, S. Adams, Hamilton

Clarke, &c.

Sofa Stalls, ros. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and

Gallery, one Shilling.

Tickets at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and of all musicsellers.

THE PROCEEDS of the CONCERT will be handed over to the COMMITTEE of the TRAINING SHIP "CLIO." Subscriptions and immediate applications for tickets are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Commander Moger, R.N., "Clio," Menai Straits, North Wales; by Mr. Ambrose Austin, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and by Mr. Walter Webber, 148, Strand, London.

STUDIO EXHIBITION OF PICTURES,
22, ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD, N.W.

The Exhibition includes works by—

V. BROMLEY.	R. HILLINGFORD.	J. PETTIF, R.A.
CAFFIERI.	G. KIRBY.	J. PARKER.
E. DEANES.	LUDOVICI, SEN.	F. J. SKILL.
J. E. GRACE.	LUDOVICI, JUN.	J. W. SMITH.
T. GRAHAM.	SEYMOUR LUCAS.	F. R. STOCK.
CHARLES GREEN.	W. LUCAS.	J. D. WATSON.
TOWNLEY GREEN.	J. T. LUCAS.	H. WEEKES.
H. G. GLINDONI.	MONTBARD.	WATNEY WILSON.
H. A. HARPER.	J. O'CONNOR.	And others.

On view Daily, from 10 till 5; and on Wednesday Evenings, from 7 till 9 o'clock.

ADMISSION BY PRESENTING ADDRESS CARD.

MR. STREETER,

18, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

WATCHMAKER.

SILVER WATCHES	from £2 to £20
GOLD WATCHES	£5 " £20
GOLD WATCHES (Keyless) ..	£20 " £250
Compensated for temperatures, positions, &c.	
CARRIAGE CLOCKS	£5 " £50
For tropical climates.	

NOTE.—MR. STREETER'S ENGLISH LEVER KEYLESS WATCHES are fitted with the Breguet hair-spring. The advantage gained by this improved construction is the reducing to a minimum any variation from correct time-keeping when worn during hunting or other rough exercise.

The Times says:—"Mr. Streeter produces his Watches by Machinery, whereby the saving of one-third the cost is effected."

"PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS,"
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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. GLADSTONE, besides being an object of interest—angry demoniac interest to some people—is undoubtedly a person to be pitied. He must be utterly devoid of the least sense of the ludicrous. On no other theory is it possible to account for the never-ceasing shower of letters and post-cards, treating of every subject under the sun, which he scatters abroad. It is as easy to get an essay-in-little from the ex-premier as it was to obtain an autograph from the late Duke of Wellington. He has not yet followed Captain Burnaby's example and given a testi-

monial to Mussel's Atrabilious Pills, but we should not be in the least surprised to hear that he had done so. We cannot forget that among the letters which Bishenden, the mysterious bass, cherishes is one from Mr. Gladstone. We regret to learn that Mr. Bandmann has been adding his mite to the statesman's innumerable cares. Mr. Bandmann, who is an excellent actor, and an astute advertiser, has written a story called "The Strollers," which appears in the current number of *Temple Bar*. Very well. Whether a conscientious reviewer would probably find anything in the story, in point of incident or treatment, to warrant the proprietor of *Temple Bar* risking the publication of a second edition of the number, is a matter that need not be discussed here. The editor of *Temple Bar* approved of it, and as the standard of merit for that kind of thing is tolerably high, one may fairly assume that the story has merit. But why bother Mr. Gladstone about it? Mr. Bandmann, who has probably about as exalted an opinion of the author of "The Strollers" as any man living, did bother Mr. Gladstone about it. He wrote to the ex-premier, and we suppose, solicited the favour of a perusal of "The Strollers," and in reply received what Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz would have termed these "very, very remarkable words":—

I have read your paper with great interest and profit. The Julia narrative has a real charm; the catastrophe surprised me.

There is a catastrophe imminent in Mr. Gladstone's literary career (we say nothing about his political) if Mr. Bandmann's brethren of the sock and buskin take to writing stories to any extent, for they are safe, being apt at following such an example as Mr. Bandmann has set them, to make the ex-premier stand and deliver an opinion on their little papers in the magazines. As for Mr. Bandmann, we are ashamed of him. He must be driven hard for "a line" when he has recourse to a dramatic critic who thinks Mr. Pennington a great tragedian.

Our mild protest against Mr. Henry Leslie's weekly robberies from our pages has found vigorous endorsement in not a few of our American contemporaries. This we take leave to regard as a step towards the establishment of an international copyright law, which will provide, amongst other things, for the wholesome annihilation of such barefaced thieves, as those who own and conduct that triumph of trans-atlantic piracy, the *New York Illustrated Dramatic and Sporting News*. We copy, with grateful acknowledgment for the substantial justice of it, the following outspoken paragraph from the *Philadelphia Mirror*:—

When the *New York Illustrated Dramatic and Sporting News* appeared and filched the heading, illustrations and printed matter of the *London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, the climax of American journalistic piracy was reached. Speaking of this piratical sheet, the *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle* said: "The heads are so much alike that one can scarcely tell one from the other. The *London* paper is the perfection of art. It is nearly four years old, has a large circulation in this country, and has been established at great cost. The *New York* concern is not satisfied with appropriating the brain labour of its trans-atlantic neighbour. To employ the language of an English correspondent, 'It does not content itself by issuing what might be called a colorable imitation, but goes boldly for the thing itself, lifted bodily from one journal into another.' A few more instances like this may stimulate the advocates of a rigid international copyright law to renewed exertion. This is the worst illustration of the literary piracy that degrades the American press and publishers that is to be found, perhaps, in the entire history of American publications."

RE-ENTER Mr. Bishenden.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

"20, Duke Street, Portland Place, W., Feb. 4, 1878.

"Sir,—In your notice of me last Saturday, you express a wish to see copies of the letters sent to me by the Queen and Lord Beaconsfield. I shall be pleased to show the originals (together with letters from the Empress of Germany; the Prince Imperial of France; the Princess of Wales; the Duke of Edinburgh; Adeline Patti; Sir Julius Benedict; Sir R. P. Stewart; Sir Sterndale Bennett; Christine Nilsson; Mr. W. E. Gladstone, &c., which I have received) to anyone who would like to call at my studio—16, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.—Yours truly,

C. J. BISHENDEN.

We are naturally burning to see the originals of those distinguished epistles: but "Call at your studio," Mr. Bishenden? O dear no! the dodge is too transparent. The beautiful bass wants to lure us into his lair, lock the door thereof, and compel us to hear him sing!

The sporting novelists of the United States of America are never so accurate in their touch as when they treat of the life and manners—that is to say the sporting life and manners—of the old country. And, it may be added, never so original. There would appear to be something in the air of America which is conducive to originality. While Sir Randall Roberts, Bart., was on this side of the broad ocean, which, alas! now separates him from such vast multitudes of anxious admirers, he was of comparatively little account in the world of journalism. Nobody heeded him here. Baronets are so plentiful! Even when he acted there was room for an occasional chance-comer amongst the Hupper Suckles of the Olympic Theatre. Once he reached America and the scene was changed. They "discovered" him there. He was a great novelist, a skilful actor, and a marvellous shot—with the long bow. It is pleasant to know, for the sake of Great Britain, that the *New York Sportsman* is blessed with a novelist who is almost as familiar with Ye Manners and Customs of Ye Englyshe as Sir Randall himself. The name of the artist in question is Charles J. Foster. Amongst his past conspicuous literary crimes may be mentioned, "The High-Mettled Racer," the letters of "Privateer," "Fifty Derby Winners," "The Trotting Horse of America," and "Field, Trap, and Cover Shooting." He is now engaged on a novel entitled "The White Horse of Wootton," a story of love, sport, and adventure in the Midland Counties and on the frontier of America.

A perusal of the following passage will show that Mr. Foster not only draws from nature, but is quite at home in his knowledge of the stable phraseology of Newmarket:—

"Ay," said the trainer, "but I have always heard that Belcher would have won the fight, only he had lost an eye a short time before playing at rackets, and Pierce got in on the blind side of him. It's always been the belief in the racing stables that Jem would have won if he had had two eyes."

"I know it," said Mr. Bullfinch, with a sigh, "but I have heard competent judges say—I didn't see the fight myself—that he couldn't have beaten Pierce on that day if he had had four eyes. But he was a great man—a very great man was Jem Belcher! The best in my time, or any other time, for that matter. There's no such man nowadays."

"Well, never mind him now," said Young Jack, it's a race and not a prize-fight that's going to come off."

"In regard to the race," said Mr. Bullfinch, "much depends upon the riding of it. You have had but a limited experience. Now, I could have got a boy from John Day's—"

"I don't like them Days," said the trainer gruffly and positively. "They call Old John 'Honest John,' and, to my mind, it is because he's the d—dest rascal in all England."

"Well, well, let it pass! No boy from John Day's is here, and Jack is to ride—my son is to ride. Now the mare though perhaps not as fast, is better bred than Creeping Joe, and the way to win is to come away and make running."

"From the start! right from the start," said Mr. Birdbolt.

"And so diminish Creeping Joe's speed before it comes to the finish," said May.

"Now, this is all wrong," said Jack, expostulating. "You all talk as if you had made a grand discovery, when Tom Scarlet, and I, and Jim have always known that the little mare's strong point is her ability to stick over a long course. I don't want instructions as to that matter. I've ridden her before without instructions of that sort—eh, Jim?"

"Ay! and against instructions, and won too," said the trainer, "for, at Cotesford, Mr. Bullfinch said, 'wait and win,' and the guv'nor said, 'nail 'em on the post!' but Tom Scarlet, and you, and I said, 'if we wait for them big horses they'll outstride her at last, with all their weight, so we'll just go along and keep 'em moving all the way.'"

"That was it—precisely it!" said Young Jack, as his father and Mr. Birdbolt began to retreat. "I cut out the running."

"And kept the pace good," cried May.

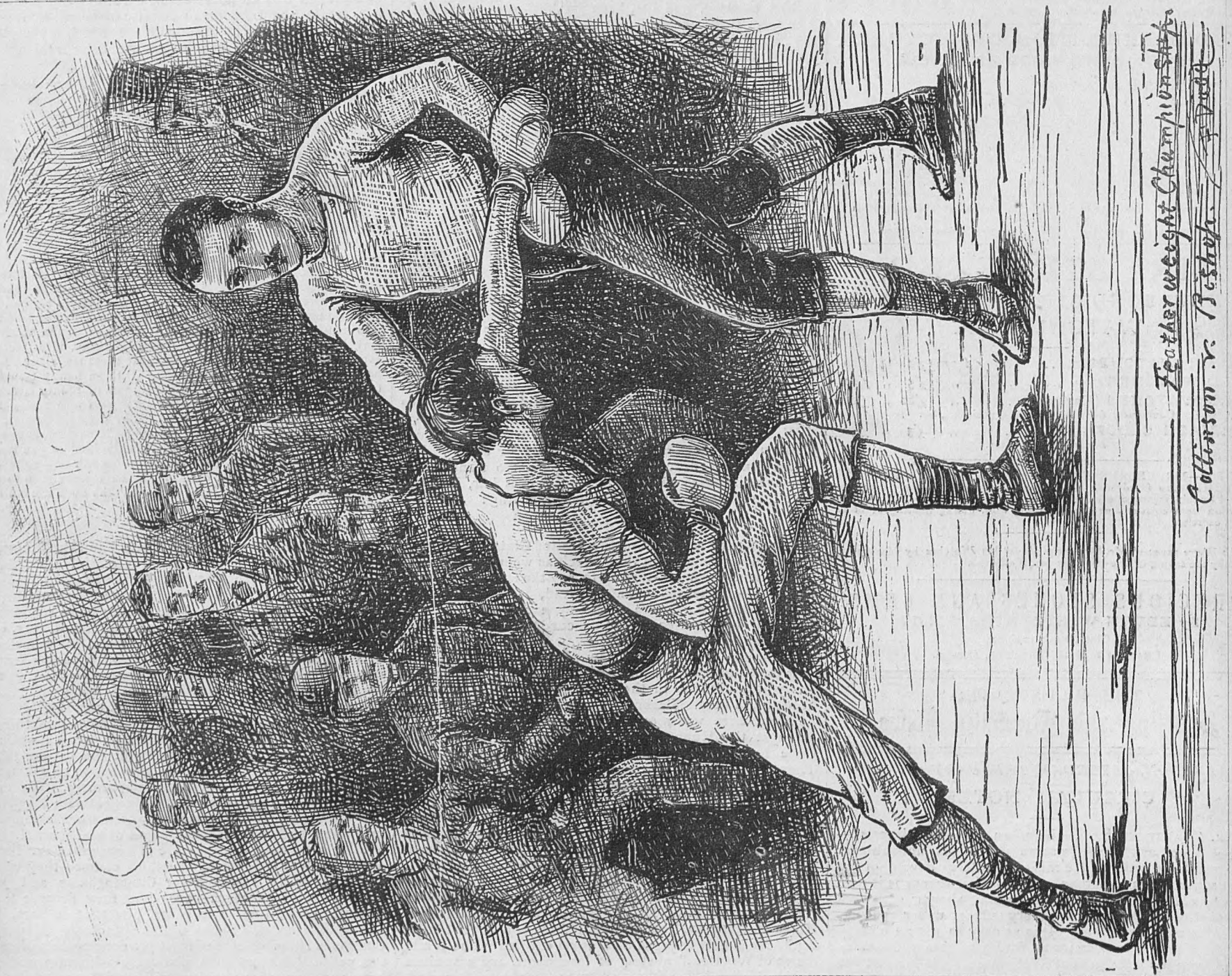
"And won in a walk," hallooed the trainer, whereat John Bullfinch and Mr. Birdbolt quickened their pace towards the house.

This matter at Cotesford had long been rather a sore subject to treat upon before John Bullfinch and Mr. Birdbolt, and for that reason it was, to the trainer, like a long suit at whist; he never neglected an opportunity "to bring it in."

Beef, peaches, manners, oysters, canvas-backed ducks, dramas, wild turkeys, phrases, potatoes, *New York Herald* tempests and humour. Our appreciation of these gifts, periodically provided for our consumption by the United States of America, is, we fear, scarcely as lively as it ought to be. There are people in this country prejudiced enough to prefer the aliment of their own land to that of the alien, canvas-backed ducks notwithstanding. We have had enough and to spare of *New York Herald* tempests; but is not the humour of America the most exquisite fooling in the world? You doubt it? Read, if you please, these pleas for the cat, which we copy from a recent number of the *Boston Times*:—

We think much of the cat; so much that we have lain awake nights thinking of some means to improve his condition and ours also. When he has made us a friendly call at three o'clock in the morning, we have raised our window and conversed with him. We have from time to time given him object lessons, and in two evenings we have known a bright cat of the Thomas persuasion to learn the relative weight, strength, and striking power of every article in the house which a lawyer would say was not attached to the realty. We have also had to give lessons in natural philosophy to a class of young men, but we have never yet found a young man who could so accurately and perfectly describe or measure the curve of the parabola as can one of these cats. The momentum and force of falling bodies the cat knows by instinct, and with hydraulics he is familiar from his kittenry. His maligners say that he is quarrelsome, and that he is always in fur a scrimmage. This inference is not just to the cat, who of all things dislikes an infernal argument. It should be taken into consideration that the darkened condition of the furment may have something to do with this infirmity, if it really do exist. Who can say what may ferment these troubles? Let us be forgiving. We know something of these family troubles of the cat, and we can state that these wearers of the fur have more cause for quarrelling than have the foreigners who are now engaged in bloody battle in the East. The cat does quarrel. Do not we, civilised humans though we are? Now we wish to establish not only the sagacity of the cat, but the humanity of the cat. We assure you both are fixtures, and while our newspapers are daily recording the deeds of horror in Turkey, we wish to show how much superior to the Russ or Turk is the domestic cat in his warfare.

The singular unanimity of *Punch*, *The World*, *Mayfair*, and *Funny Folks* in turning to pictorial and literary account Sir Stafford Northcote's "Confidence Trick," is worthy of remark. *Punch* has a cartoon resembling so much the picture in *Funny Folks* that we are reminded of the old joke of Pompey's being so much like Caesar, especially Pompey. *Mayfair* puts its humour into a burlesque of a police case, while *The World* contents itself with an epigram. We congratulate our contemporaries on their conjoint act of discovery, and leave them to fight out the question of priority of idea and copyright amongst themselves. Mr. Lowe, M.P., may have something to say on the subject. He may be left to say it; while the question of the respective merits of the various jokers, pictorial and literary, may be also left to be decided by the readers of our several contemporaries. We crave leave on our own part to heartily congratulate *Mayfair* on the excellence of the sketches which have latterly lent brilliancy and point to the pages of that journal. Mr. Wallis Mackay's sketches are of unequalled excellence. Posterity will appreciate them, of course—they will be gathered up by future Peter Cunninghams and John Timbess with religious care—but they deserve to be appreciated at their true value, and that is rare, just now. We regard Mr. Wallis Mackay's House of Commons sketches as the most precious contributions to the political history of a distinctly political period that have appeared since the days of "H. B."



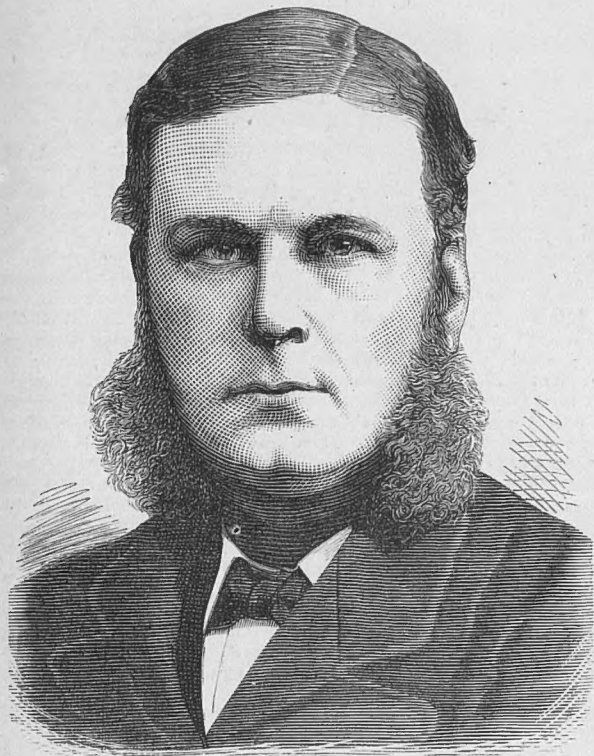
FEATHER-WEIGHT AMATEUR BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP, CITY GYMNASIUM CLUB.—WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30TH, 1878.
 Featherweight Champion Ship
 Collinson v. Bishop.



THE LATE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,
 FROM A PEN AND INK SKETCH BY MACLISE.
 Re-produced, by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, from "A Gallery of Illustrations Literary Characters."

TURFIANA.

A GOODLY gathering, both of idlers and men on business bent, is sure to be attracted to Albert Gate on Monday next, when the late Lord Ailesbury's brood mares, yearlings, and horses in training come up for sale. Of the former, most are distinguished by the possession of good running blood, and mainly have contributed towards the returns of Alec Taylor's stable during his service with



MR. W. G. CUSINS.

their late owner. Beatrice is a matured Voltigeur mare, out of the famous Bribery, but has still a name to make, while her half sister Boundary may be said to have achieved a reputation with Temple Bar and others, and should suit Hermit to a nicety, seeing how well Touchstone has nicked with Birdcatcher, cross it which way you please. Old Cantine has sought another son of Newminster as a lover; the dapper Cardinal York, and La Belle Helene, ten years her junior, is due to the Blankney sire. Scrutiny is almost the youngest of the bunch, and Teterrima the oldest, barring Cantine, while there is likely to be some brisk firing when Aventuriere steps into the ring, as her reserve price of a few weeks since was too long for any but millionaires. Many breeders will be glad enough to transplant a yearling or two from this collection into their own strings, and upon paper they look

uncommonly well, Blair Athol, Adventurer, Toxophilite, Prince Charlie, and Hermit being responsible for the half dozen. Of the horses in training much cannot perhaps be said, so far, at least, as regards those we have seen out, but many a useful nag is picked up cheap at sales of this description, and it has happened over and over again that death has come between owners and the "real good thing" for which they have been looking all their lives. Our hope is that the black and red and yellow may still find a place among "colours worn by the riders," for sportsmen of the late Lord Ailesbury's stamp are unluckily few and far between, and we sadly need a new infusion of the sort of stuff of which he was made to invigorate our racing system.

Hermit does not seem to hold his own so well at 150 guineas as at the more moderate "century" fee he could command so readily last year; but no horse has ascended the ladder of fame in such hand over hand fashion, and it seems but the other day he was going a begging at 31 guineas, if he did not start in life at a smaller figure, of which we are not quite certain. Unlike most of the Newminster sires, he gets his stock with plenty of size and bone, as witness Trappist and Ambergris, and roughly speaking, we should say that his proportion of winners to runners is far above the average. Still he has done nothing as yet to place him on a level with Scottish Chief and Blair Athol, and we do not wonder at owners fighting rather shy, especially as his mares must be "approved" ones.

The first of Boiard's stock in this country was dropped last week, the happy mother being Lady Chesterfield, and her bantling a bonny bay colt to the son of Vermont. People who began nibbling at Cymbal, after he had passed the college of Special Commissioners, are now biting in earnest, and he will have a nice little lot of mares to start with, his owner being determined to give him a good chance at starting with some of his best blood.

The crack sires seem to be much slower in filling this season than usual, owing perhaps to "bad times," and it is passing strange to find, in addition to Hermit, such celebrities as Cremorne, Galopin, Sterling, Lord Lyon, Speculum and Thunderbolt still with vacancies for eligible candidates. Messrs. Barrow, at Newmarket, advertise a whole host of stallions of all orders and degrees, but strange to say they derive most of their patronage from external sources, the many men with a few brood mares at head quarters declining to patronise "native talent." Why such a nice horse as Kingcraft, with really solid claims to consideration, has not filled long ago is as much an Asiatic mystery as one of the late Lord Exeter's trials.

From one of the indignation articles which recent proceedings in Parliament have elicited from the sporting press, we learn incidentally that over a score of meetings have been snuffed out by recent Jockey Club legislation with regard to the amount of added money necessary to admit them within the pale of the privileged. That such a considerable number of gatherings have departed "unwept and unhonoured" must be taken as a sure indication of their worthlessness, and we trust that a still wider sweep may be taken next time, with a view of further reducing the pettifogging element in connection with racing. Even the most jealous and zealous of our apologists for the present state of the turf are fain to admit that the whole thing is overdone, and though horses are worked harder than ever, they have not increased in the same ratio as the places of sport at which their presence is indispensable to make the meeting successful. The Genius of Speculation appears still, like the soul of music, to slumber in her shell, and not all the wailing of the prophets and tipsters can galvanise her back to busy life again. First it was only the entries for the spring handicaps which were required to rouse the sleeper, and when they failed, her waking had to be deferred until the appearance of the weights; but now, even after the acceptances have been made known, betting is languid, spasmodic, and unsettled, while the minnows are said to be awaiting the first blast on the horns of the Tritons to commence operations. We are curious to know all about the reason for

this, and also whether it is a sign of racing "vitality" or not. One thing only is certain, that matters get worse year by year, and the ghosts of such men as Justice, Gully, Bland and Cloves, might well point the finger of scorn at their degenerate successors, could their ghosts be permitted to roam abroad among scenes which knew them so well while in the flesh.

Mr. Van Haansbergen has taken exception to some remarks of ours upon Macgregor, which we fancy will hardly bear the construction put upon them, for at any rate we only characterised one as a "doubtful stayer," no public proof to the contrary having



THE LATE DR. DORAN.

been afforded by his performances subsequent to the Two Thousand Guineas. That we are not singular in our hesitation to pronounce him the ripe and good stayer he might in reality have been, and which his owner doubtless believes him to be, can be proved by remarks made at the time of his running in the Derby, as well as subsequent to that event, and it is notorious that horses which have won the Newmarket event with ridiculous ease have been nowhere in the Epsom race. Added to this, but few of the Macaronis have proved themselves gluttons at a distance, and none of the progeny of Necklace have thus distinguished themselves. But, after all, the antecedents of a sire can make but little difference, so long as he has exhibited first class form during his career, and there are plenty of "sprinters" in the Calendar with subscriptions rapidly filling, while we



Leaving him on the lurch—

have seen over and over again mere T.Y.C.-horses taking high honours at the stud. From the plethora of list of mares announced as "booked" to Macgregor by his owner, we may judge that breeders have not attached any extraordinary significance to our opinion, which we are surely at liberty to own and to express. We think that Mr. Van Haansbergen got a very cheap horse when he bought Macgregor at Doncaster, but we should have liked him all the better had he won the Derby on Epsom Downs instead of on paper. Let him be judged by his fruits.

We have not heard of any yearling sales having been definitely fixed as yet, except Cobham, which occupies as usual the Ascot Saturday, but we presume that Mr. Blenkiron retains his last year's position in the Derby week, leaving her Majesty to intervene, while Mr. Hume Webster will probably have a "field-day" at Marden Deer Park some time in June.

Our Derby candidate this week shall be one of the "great unnamed," the Katie colt, whose Middle Park Plate performance at the heels of Beauclerc, raises him from comparative obscurity to prominent notice; but it was in the highest degree unsatisfactory to his friends that he should have been incapacitated for "moving for a new trial" at the Houghton Meeting. When we took stock of the Katie colt previous to his somewhat inglorious debut in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, we thought he was the biggest Scottish Chief we had ever set eyes upon, and in his clothes he was a very captivating customer indeed, and attracted a deal of gapeed from critics in the paddock. In fact, he created a sort of a sensation, and would most certainly have started at a short price had anything like a move been made in his favour in the Ring. When stripped, however, good judges did not fail to notice that he was, to use a very untechnical but expressive phrase, a "disconnected" horse, and one more fitted for a flat straightaway course than one entangled by gradients and corners. The Katie colt is deficient in power behind the saddle, and seemed to leave his hind legs behind him as he walked away from his saddling stall. Consequently we were surprised to find him so handy for the Middle Park Plate, particularly as it had got abroad that the stable thought very little of his chance; in fact, chosing to rely upon a stable-companion rather than the Katie colt. Nine times out of ten we prefer to stand by public form, but on this occasion we shall be content to reverse our usual policy, and to concede that his running so far was a bit of a fluke. In any case, whether there was any chance in the result of the race or not, the Katie colt is not the sort of animal we should select to win a Derby, and we fancy his pedigree is the best part of him. Besides, he has been under grave suspicion as to soundness, and though he may be resuscitated, and see a short price, he shall not have our vote and interest, even though he should come fit and well to the post on the 5th of June next.

SKYLARK.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THIS evening the English opera season at Her Majesty's will be brought to a conclusion with a repetition of Gounod's *Faust*. It has been found necessary to close the theatre for the immediate commencement of the important alterations which are to be made in the interior of the building, including new stone staircases from the pit and stalls to the upper boxes and grand tier, and other alterations, which will add much to the convenience of the public. As the regular Italian opera season will be commenced much earlier than usual, the architects, Messrs. Lee and Paine, will have barely sufficient time for the completion of their contract.

Sir Julius Benedict's popular opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, was produced on Wednesday last, under the personal direction of the composer, who was received with the hearty greeting due to his great talents. The cast included the following artists:—Hardress Cregan, Mr. George Perren; Myles na Coppaleen, Mr. E. Cotte; Father Tom, Signor Franceschi; Mr. Corrigan, Mr. G. Marler; O'Moore, Mr. Marshall; Danny Mann, Mr. George Fox; Miss Anne Chute, Madame Alice Barth; Shielah, Mrs. Sharpe; Mrs. Cregan, Miss Palmer; Eily O'Connor, Madame Bauermeister. Most of the performers above named have often appeared in the same characters, and the chief interest centred in Madame Bauermeister's impersonation of Eily O'Connor.

There are few artistes more deservedly popular than Madame Bauermeister. Her versatility is wonderful, and whatever she undertakes is sure to be well done. Eily O'Connor is a part which calls for both local and histrionic ability, and although it would be absurd to say that Madame Bauermeister on Wednesday last reached the high standard attained by some of her predecessors, she sang and acted like a true artiste, enlisting the sympathies and eliciting the applause of the entire audience. The well-known airs, "In my wild mountain valley" and "I'm alone," were sung by her with excellent effect, and in the concerted music she rendered valuable service. In the waltz finale she was least successful, being apparently fatigued with the exertion of a first appearance in an arduous part. Her acting was unaffectedly charming and the distinctness of her articulation claims, special praise. The merits of Miss Palmer, (Mrs. Cregan), Miss Alice Barth (Anne Chute), Mr. G. Perren (Hardress Cregan), Mr. Cotte (Myles na Coppaleen), and Mr. Marler (Corrigan), are well known, and it is sufficient to say that they exerted themselves successfully as usual. Mr. Foote (Franceschi) played the small part of Father Tom efficiently, and Mr. Aynsly Cook, who took the place of Mr. G. Fox, (absent owing to indisposition), displayed his well-known ability in the part of Danny Mann. The choruses were well sung, especially the beautiful Boatmen's chorus in Act II., and the Irish jig in the last scene was so well danced by Madame Katti Lanner's pupils, that it was followed by a hearty encore. The masterly and delightful orchestration was ably rendered by the fine band, and the performance was directed by Sir Julius Benedict, who was greeted with rounds of cheers when he entered the orchestra, and was enthusiastically called for and applauded at the close of the opera. The season will close this evening with a repetition of *Faust*.

We are authorised to announce that a special extra performance will be given on Wednesday next for the benefit of Sir Julius Benedict, when the *Lily of Killarney* will be performed for the last time, under the direction of the illustrious composer.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

As we have previously announced, the third London season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company will commence at the Adelphi Theatre on Monday next, February 11, when *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, an English adaptation by Mr. Henry Hersee of Nicolai's three-act comic opera, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, will be performed for the first time in London. As our readers are aware, it has been performed by the Carl Rosa Company at our chief provincial towns with remarkable success, and in the anticipation that it will be equally successful in London, it is announced for performance every night next week. We are enabled to give, in advance, an account of the plot, which will probably prove interesting both to those who intend to witness the opera and to those who may be unable to do so.

The original German libretto of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written by Herr Mosenthal, the writer of many popular

German dramas, amongst which may be named *Deborah*, better known to English playgoers as *Leah*. It is quite a mistake to suppose that he simply took Shakespeare's comedy, and translated into German, with a combination of dialogue and lyrics. On the contrary, he has altogether omitted the first act of the original play, and has in some places introduced entirely fresh matter. The main element of the story—the punishment of Falstaff for his wooing of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page—is preserved, and the librettist has shown sound judgment as well as constructive skill in the use of his materials. The opera has for nearly thirty years been very popular in Germany, where the works of Shakespeare are widely known and studied; but it has been less successful in France and Italy, chiefly because of the liberties which have been taken with the text by French and Italian adapters. Thus, in the version by Jules Barbier, produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, 25th May, 1866, under the title of *Les Joyeuses Commères de Windsor*, Mrs. Ford's fine scene is omitted, a common-place aria, by an anonymous composer, is interpolated in the rôle of Anne Page, by giving *coulleur locale* to the Elizabethan drama, Mrs. Ford sings a solo to the air of "Rule Britannia;" the charming final trio for Anne Page and the two "merry wives" is omitted, and the curtain descends to the tune of "Rule Britannia," sung by Mrs. Ford and the chorus! In the new English version, the intentions of the composer have invariably been respected, and Mosenthal's libretto has been faithfully followed in a free translation.

Act I. opens with a duet, in which Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page compare the love letters they have each received from Sir John Falstaff, and resolve to conceal his misbehaviour from their husbands, and to punish him themselves. In the next scene, Ford, Page, and Pistol enter, and the latter awakens the jealousy of Ford. A messenger arrives with a letter for Ford, who glances at it, and hastily goes off. We learn later on, that this letter, sent by Mrs. Page, in a disguised handwriting, informs Ford that an hour later he will find his wife closetted with Falstaff. Next comes a duet between Fenton and Page, in which the impassioned appeals of the former are happily contrasted with the selfish obstinacy of the latter. The scene changes to a room in the house of Mrs. Ford, who, in a brilliant scene, preceded by a recitative, rehearses the wiles by which she means to ensnare the fat knight. Falstaff arrives, and with his "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?" commences one of the best written finales to be found in the operatic repertory. The arrival of Mrs. Page, with the news that Ford is coming with a host of neighbours, and swears to kill Sir John, brings on a trio. Falstaff is no sooner concealed in the buck basket than Ford arrives with his friends; Falstaff escapes; Ford searches the house in vain; and the curtain falls on his pretended penitence, the piteous complaints of Mrs. Ford, and the sympathetic utterances of the chorus.

Act II. commences with Falstaff's arrival from his ducking, and his famous drinking song and chorus. Ford enters, and in a capital duet Falstaff explains to the supposed "Master Brook" how he escaped from the clutches of Ford; and that, having had a second letter from Mrs. Ford, he is going to visit her while her husband is again away. The scene changes to Page's garden. Dr. Caius and Slender separately sing the praises of Anne Page; Fenton arrives, and sings a charming love-song, "Wide thy lattice ope, my dearest," and is presently joined by Anne Page, with whom he sings a duet, watched by Caius and Slender. After a clever quartet between the lovers and the hidden rivals, the scene changes to Ford's house. Falstaff and Mrs. Ford arrive, but are almost immediately followed by Mrs. Page, again announcing the arrival of Ford. Falstaff escapes, disguised as Mother Pratt, the "old woman of Brentford," after an effective duet between Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and the curtain falls on the rage of Ford, who proceeds to search the house once more, in spite of the expostulations made by Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Act III. opens merrily in a room of Ford's house. The "merry wives" have explained everything to their husbands, and all parties agree to join in the final punishment of Falstaff, who is to be allured to Windsor Park at midnight, and there tormented by supposed fairies. Page, who wishes his daughter Anne to marry Master Slender, tells her to put on a pink dress at night, and arranges that she shall exchange the watchwords "Mum" and "Budget" with Slender, who will steal off with her to the priest at Eton, and be married. Mrs. Page, resolved that Anne shall marry Dr. Caius, tells her to wear a green dress, in which she will be recognised by the Doctor, who will carry her off to the priest at Eton. Anne Page however, defeats the parental plots by sending her pink fairy dress to Caius, and the green one to Slender. After her scene, "No, I will not break my plight," the scene changes to Windsor Park. A delicious invisible chorus, "O, lovely moon, O holy night," is followed by an effective trio by Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Falstaff. The fairies arrive, the "merry wives" run off, and Falstaff is tormented abundantly. The music in this scene is amongst the best in the opera, and the stage effects are excellent. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page re-appear, and Falstaff finds he has been tricked. Dr. Caius and Slender come in, furious at the deception of which they have been the victims, each having believed he was carrying off Anne Page. That young lady enters with Fenton, to whom she has just been married. Everyone, Sir John included, receives forgiveness, and the opera concludes with the melodious trio, "And thus ends our jest," sung by Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Anne Page.

The dialogue is principally composed of passages selected from the Shakspearian play; but as Mosenthal has not always followed Shakspeare closely, the opera differs from the original comedy in some respects. Yet even where fresh business and incidents are introduced, the text has been, as far as possible, made up of Shakspearian phrases. Even in the lyrical portion of the opera the actual text of Shakspeare has been frequently introduced. In this manner the opera preserves the flavour of the original play, and this fact, as well as the originality and tunefulness of Nicolai's music, will probably account for the great success which it has hitherto had in the provinces. Whether it will be equally successful in London remains to be seen, but at all events we shall have the advantage of hearing it after it has become familiar to the artists of the Carl Rosa Company by frequent repetitions, and with the certainty that the delightful orchestration will be ably interpreted by the fine band which Mr. Carrodus will lead and Mr. Carl Rosa conduct.

A grand concert will be given at St. James's Hall on Friday evening, February 22, in aid of the funds of the training ship *Clio*, on board of which vessel homeless and destitute boys, unconvicted of crime, are educated and trained for the sea-faring life. The concert has been originated by Mr. Walter Webling, who has secured the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, Lord and Lady Penrhyn, and many other members of the aristocracy, and an interesting programme will be executed by Mesdames Osgood, Williams, D'Alton, and Antoinette Sterling; MM. Lloyd, McGuckin, Maybrick, Walter Clifford, and Pyatt, and the London Concert Glee Union, with Signor Tito Mattei as solo pianist, and MM. Sidney Naylor, Hamilton Clarke, and F. H. Cowen as conductors. In a column devoted to art we rarely draw attention to benefit concerts, or musical entertainments given for charitable objects, but we make an exception in this instance, because the programme has been happily made illustrative of the maritime life for which the youngsters on board the *Clio* are trained, and will

afford a special opportunity for hearing a number of our national sea songs executed by artists of the highest standing. We further venture to observe that those who may patronise this concert will not only have their money's worth in musical enjoyment, but will have the additional, and probably greater enjoyment of knowing that by taking tickets they will aid an institution, which strongly appeals to patriotic instincts as well as private sympathy, and is at least as deserving of substantial recognition, as the claims of those foreign sufferers, on whom we are apt to bestow the charity which should at all events begin at home.

Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Ambrose Austin, St. James's Hall, of Commander Moger, R.N., on board the *Clio*, Menai Straits, North Wales, and at the office of this journal.

MR. HENRY JEFFRIES ASHLEY.

WE to-day present a picture to our readers in which those whom we have seen *The Pink Dominos* will recognise a remarkably vivid study of Mr. Ashley in the part of Joskyn Tubbs. Of the original cast for "The Pink Dominos," we believe the only members who remain are Miss Davis, and Messrs. Wyndham, Harris, Standing, and Ashley. Mr. Wyndham has once or twice taken a holiday, and although through the absence of his bright *prononcé* style of acting the completeness of the original picture was undoubtedly interfered with, we are not aware that the clever comedian's being away, in any serious degree affected the receipts. We fail, however, to realize the idea of a tolerable "Pink Dominos" with any other Joskyn Tubbs than that of the subject of our notice. To borrow a phrase from the studio, the character is most comic in outline, and is full of the juice. It is, moreover, real, and is kept by good taste of the artist, a good taste which never fails him "within the limits of becoming mirth." But leaving for the present our friend Joskyn Tubbs and his "Pretty souls!" let us glance at a few of the incidents in Mr. Ashley's professional career. He was originally educated as an engineer, and passed nine years with the well known firm of Maudslays Sons & Field, but a strong yearning for the stage induced him to obtain an engagement with the late Edmund Glover, in Glasgow, under whom he had the great advantage of doing, what so many of the young actors of the present day deem quite superfluous, really studying his profession. Here he remained, with the exception of a short season in Birmingham, until the opening of the St. James's Theatre, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, where he made his first appearance in Tom Taylor's comedy of *Upon the Hills*. It was during this engagement, extending over two years, that Mr. Ashley first showed his talent for eccentric comedy, in a farce called *Under the Rose*. After a season at Liverpool, under his present manager, Mr. Alexander Henderson, he returned to the St. James's, which had been taken by Mr. Benjamin Webster, and on that gentleman's giving up the theatre he transferred Mr. Ashley's services to the Adelphi, where he remained upwards of seven years. It was at this time the *Athenaeum* thus spoke of him:—"A benefit was given at Drury Lane on Tuesday afternoon, to enable Mr. Leigh Murray, one of the most graceful and refined of English actors, to go abroad in search of health. He was the original Sir Charles Pomander in *Masks and Faces*, the second act of which was played on this occasion, but Mr. Murray was unable to assume the part. In his place it was performed by a young actor named Ashley, in a manner so natural and free from all stagginess and exaggeration as to give assurance that we shall have in him an excellent comedian." Among the many successes Mr. Ashley had at the Adelphi, the part of William, in Charles Reade's adaptation of Tennyson's "Dora," exhibited him in quite a new light. *Punch* wrote thus:—"Mr. Ashley, always an intelligent actor, in the very difficult and unthankful part of William Allan showed himself a real artist. It was no easy matter to make that death scene impressive to an Adelphi audience. But Mr. Ashley did it, and was pathetic where the slightest drop into whine or the least transgression into rant would have made him ridiculous." After leaving the Adelphi, Mr. Ashley accompanied Mr. Toole on an extended tour, and afterwards fulfilled most successful engagements at Liverpool and Hull, in both of which towns he is a great favourite. During the run of *The Great Divorce Case*, at the Criterion, Mr. Wyndham's health compelled him for a time to relinquish the part of Geoffrey Gordon, and Mr. Ashley was chosen to replace him, and he afterwards did the same good office for Mr. John Clarke. Since then he has remained at this theatre, appearing in prominent characters in *Hot Water*, *On Bail*, and last, though not least, *Pink Dominos*, the popularity of "Pretty souls" increasing instead of diminishing. Mr. Ashley is now giving a further proof of his versatility by a very successful delineation of Samson Burr in *The Porter's Knot*. We may add that Dr. Doran, a biography and portrait of whom will be found in another part of this impression, was Mr. Ashley's uncle. Indeed, there was a good deal of "sock and buskin" in the doctor's family. He had a brother on the stage who, if we recollect aright, played under the name Durant. Reverting, in conclusion, to the subject of our notice, let us say that although there is no prospect, immediate or remote, of the bills being charged at the Criterion, Joskyn Tubbs is one of those performances which can be seen with advantage to the seer more than once.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA honoured the establishment of Messrs. London and Ryder, 17, New Bond-street, with a visit yesterday.

STUDIO EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.—In our several notices of the interesting collection of pictures and drawings which are now on view at the studio of Mr. J. T. Lucas (under the management of him and Mr. Deanes), we stated that the exhibition is open every evening from 7 to 9, instead "on Wednesday evenings only." Our readers have, of course, discovered for themselves the typographical error which marred the mention of "The Will-derness of Sinai." That work is by Mr. not Mrs. Harper.

MARCUS WARD & CO.'s valentines will be more popular than ever this season, if the public can appreciate originality of conception and genuine art. Some of the offerings to the saint of the Stationers' Company, issued by the above firm, are artistic enough to deserve framing, and not a few of them, we conceive, will find places in the albums and scrap-books of young people of both sexes.

"RIMMEL'S VALENTINES.—Stimulated rather than otherwise by the action of the many rivals who have devoted special attention to the production of those gifts which are held to be current coin between lovers "and sich" on Valentine's Day, Mr. Rimmel has this year produced a number of delicate, ingenious, and pretty contrivances which excel all his previous efforts. The essential element in them all is "surprise." Scent, colour, form—daintily and deftly disposed—with appropriate mottoes and devices, constitute the valentines which Mr. Rimmel, who has chiefly had recourse to the fertile sources of French and Japanese art has "turned to favour and to prettiness." In a word, Rimmel's valentines for 1878 are amongst the most beautiful things of the kind ever produced.

CHAPPUIS' DAYLIGHT REFLECTORS for Schools,—Factory, 9, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

THE DRAMA.

THE withdrawal of some of the pantomimes has commenced earlier than usual this year. The first to end its career was *Valentine and Orson*, which was represented for the last time on Saturday afternoon at the Gaiety, and *Puss in Boots* followed suit in the evening, when Mr. Charles Rice terminated his pantomime season at Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty* was represented for the last time yesterday (Friday) at the Crystal Palace, where a new series of concerts commence this afternoon. To-day will see the last of *A Frog He Would a Wooing Go*, at the Aquarium Theatre, and next Friday *St. George and the Dragon* will be withdrawn at the Alexandra Palace.

The past week has been the most prolific for dramatic events since Christmas. Two of Shakspeare's comedies have been revived—*Twelfth Night*; or, *What You Will*, at the Haymarket on Saturday night, for the return, after two years' absence, of Miss Neilson, who appeared for the first time in London as Viola; and of *As You Like It* at the St. James's, on Tuesday evening, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Rosalind. Tom Taylor's historical play of *Twixt Axe and Crown*, with Mrs. Rousby in her original character of Lady Elizabeth, was reproduced at the Queen's on Saturday night. And there were two novelties—a comediotta by Mr. F. C. Burnand, the music by Mr. Walter Austin, produced on Monday evening at the German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall, under the title of *Answer Paid*, and a new bouffonnerie musicale, entitled *Madcap*, adapted by Messrs. Farnie and Reece from *Chaste Suzanne*, brought out at the Royalty on Thursday night in succession to *La Marjolaine*. The music of the last-named novelty, arranged by Mr. A. J. Levey, comprises selections from Lecocq, Offenbach, Strauss, Herve, Planquette, &c., and the principal characters are sustained by Miss Kate Santley, Miss Rose Cullen, and Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. H. Fisher, and Mervyn.

Miss Kate Vaughan, having recovered from her severe indisposition, has resumed her impersonation of Marguerite in *Little Doctor Faust*, at the Gaiety.

The last morning performance of *Charles I.*, at the Lyceum, is announced for to-day. The other performances this afternoon, besides the pantomimes at Drury-lane, Adelphi, Aquarium (the last), Surrey, Sanger's, Standard, &c., will comprise Mr. Byron's Strand comedy of *Old Soldiers*, at the Gaiety; *Diplomacy*, at the Prince of Wales's; *Dearer than Life*, with Mr. Toole and Mr. Lionel Brough in their original characters, of Michael Garner and Uncle Ben, at the Globe; *The Sorcerer*, at the Opera Comique; and *The Rivals*, with the same cast as last Saturday, at the St. James's.

The aristocratic dramatic amateur club, known as "The Irrationals," will also give a performance this afternoon at the Olympic, in aid of "The Stafford House Fund." The programme will consist of *Not a Bad Judge*, and *Woodcock's Little Game*.

The Spectre Knight, a new operetta, in one act, by Mr. Alfred Cellier, will be produced at the Opera Comique to-night, when also the following changes will take place in the programmes of other theatres:—At the Court, *Victims* will be replaced by a revival of *New Men and Old Acres*, supported by the same cast as when this comedy was so successfully represented at this house, except that Mr. John Clarke and Mr. Carton now fill the parts formerly sustained by Messrs. Anson and Conway. At the Folly, Mr. Shiel Barry joins the company, and makes his first appearance in *The Happy Man*, and the musical farce of *Crazed* is to be revived for Mr. W. J. Hill; and at the Duke's, the Strand comedy of *Mammon*, with Mr. W. H. Vernon in his original character, will be produced here in succession to *Sardanapalus*, withdrawn last night.

The dramatic season at the Adelphi terminates to-night, and Mr. Carl Rosa commences his season of operas in English on Monday evening, when will be represented Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The English translation of Mosenthal's libretto being by Mr. Henry Hersee. Mr. Chatterton's dramatic company in the meantime migrate to the Park Theatre, where they appear next week in *The Peep o' Day Boy*.

The regular afternoon performances of old plays at the Aquarium Theatre (interrupted by the Christmas Pantomime) will be resumed next Monday afternoon, when *The Unequal Match* will be represented, supported by Miss M. Litton, Miss Kate Phillips, Miss E. Challis, and Messrs. William Farnen, Sugden, Flockton, Kemble, W. Young, and Fawn. This comedy will be represented each afternoon during the week, and on Monday, the 18th inst., Mr. Phelps returns, and will appear in *Richelieu* and *Henry VIII.*, on alternate days.

Mr. Mapleson's experimental season of operas in English, at Her Majesty's Theatre, carried out with undoubted spirit and enterprise, was to have terminated to-night, but will be continued the first three nights next week.

The last nights of *Family Ties* are announced at the Strand, where a new dramatic parody by Mr. F. C. Burnand is in preparation, under the title of *Dora and Diplomacy*; or, *a Woman of Strong Scents*.

Messrs. Farnie and Reece's adaptation of Planquette's comic opera, *Les Cloches des Corneville*, is announced for production at the Folly on Saturday week, the 23rd inst.

Dramatic performances will be resumed at the Crystal Palace next week, commencing on Tuesday afternoon with *Money*, supported by the same cast as when represented at a recent matinee at the Globe—including Messrs. H. Neville, E. Righton, G. W. Anson, C. Collette, Garner, and Macklin, and Mrs. John Wood, Miss Blanche Stammers, and Miss Hewitt. On Thursday *Stolen Assets* will be performed by the Globe company.

On Wednesday afternoon next the amateur burlesque and pantomime, *The Forty Thieves*, will be produced at the Gaiety for the benefit of "The Royal General Theatrical Fund." The characters in the burlesque opening will be sustained by Captain Gooch (Ali Baba), Mr. Quintin Furness (Ganem), Mr. C. Stephenson (Cassim), Mr. F. J. Maclean (Hassam), Mr. F. H. M'Calmont (Mosour), Mr. W. Yardley (Benridden), Mr. Gilbert Farquhar (Sirad), Captain H. G. Colville (Beden), Lord de Clifford (Noureddin), Major Rolls (Assad), Miss Helen Barry (Mrs. Rolls) (Abdallah), Miss Lydia Thompson (Morgiana), and Miss Eleanor Bufton (Cogia). In the harlequinade Mr. W. S. Gilbert will appear as harlequin, Mr. W. Yardley as clown, Viscount Newry as Aswell, and Mdlle. Rosa as columbine.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will* was revived at the Haymarket on Saturday for the return, after a protracted absence, of Miss Neilson, who appeared for the first time in London as its heroine Viola. Notwithstanding its love story, more interesting and tender than that of *As You Like It*, and the varied characterisation of its comic personages, and the ludicrous incidents and situations they take part in, more broadly humorous than those in *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night* has not kept the stage like these two kindred comedies, and as eight or nine years have elapsed since it was last represented at this house, it may be considered a novelty to a large number—especially the younger section—of playgoers. The chief interest of the story of *Twelfth Night* arises from the numerous amusing mistakes which take place, owing to the resemblance between the heroine, Viola, and her twin brother,

Sebastian. Separately saved from shipwreck, the twins, unknown to each other, land at Illyria, Viola, assuming male attire, and, under the name of Cesario, takes service as page to the reigning Duke Orsino, who is deeply but hopelessly in love with the Countess Olivia. Cesario at once falls in love with her master, who imparts to her his hopeless love for Olivia, and commissions the seeming page to plead his cause with the obdurate Countess. Cesario calls upon the latter and faithfully fulfils the mission. The Countess, however, falls in love with the comely young page. As the latter is leaving the house of the Countess, she is encountered by a rejected suitor of the Lady Olivia, who challenges her to a duel. She is rescued from this dilemma by a stranger who is passing, the sea captain, Antonio, who had rescued Sebastian from the wreck, and mistaking the disguised page for his protégé takes up his quarrel. Viola, to whom Antonio is a perfect stranger, repudiates him, and denies that he had saved and befriended her. When they have separated Sebastian appears, and is mistaken by the rejected suitor for Cesario, and again set upon, but is rescued by Olivia, who, mistaking him for her loved page, Cesario, invites him into her house. Here Sebastian, unlike Cesario, lends a willing ear to the love outpourings of the Countess, and, summoning her resident chaplain, she is married to Sebastian, supposing him to be Cesario. Sebastian hastens off to tell his preserver, Antonio, of the good fortune which has befallen him, when the Duke Orsino visits Olivia, who shatters his best hopes by informing him of her union with Cesario. Orsino vows vengeance against the page who has been unfaithful in his mission, and robbed him of his treasured prize. Sebastian now returns, and addresses Olivia as his wife. The mistakes of all are now explained. Viola acknowledges that she is Sebastian's sister masquerading as Cesario. Orsino transfers his love to his favourite page, now changed to a fair lady, and the Countess again summons the chaplain, who had married her a few hours previously to Sebastian, to perform the same ceremony for Orsino and Viola. The comic episodes consist in the practical jokes played by Maria, the mischief-loving waiting woman of the Lady Olivia, in conjunction with a pair of roystering knights and their companions, upon Malvolio, the pompous and vainly conceited chamberlain of the Countess, in inducing him to attire himself in fantastic costume, on the plea that Lady Olivia was in love with him, and desired it. The comedy is revived with great care and attention to details. Mr. O'Connor has supplied some new and effective scenery, the dresses are picturesque, and in exquisite taste, and the interpretation is, without presenting marked excellence, commendably fair throughout. Of course, Viola one of the most poetical and gentle of Shakspeare's heroines, is most prominent as the centre of interest, and is represented with captivating charm and intelligence by Miss Neilson, who has enacted the part with triumphant success both in America and in the provinces since her return. Her impersonation was warmly and deservedly applauded, and her Viola is a worthy pendant to her Rosalind and Beatrice. The next noteworthy embodiment was that of Maria by Miss Kate Phillips who entered fully into the spirit of the mischief-loving waiting woman. Miss Ernstone made a graceful and earnest Lady Olivia. Mr. Howe gave a careful and well-studied rendering of the inflated and conceited "Malvolio," and was especially good in the fantastic scenes, when he is so ludicrously befooled. Messrs. Everill and Charles Harcourt were amusing as the two comic knights, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, but their bacchanal scene was somewhat overdone and protracted. Mr. David Fisher, jun., showed as the clown a more than fair appreciation of true Shakspearean humour. Mr. Conway, who, as Sebastian, has supported Miss Neilson in the provinces, greatly assists the allusive mistakes of the piece by his admirable make-up in resemblance of Cesario, and his intelligent acting. The love-lorn Duke Orsino found a dignified and competent exponent in Mr. Harold Kyrle, and Antonio and Fabian were respectively represented by Messrs. Braid and H. Crouch. Independent of the excellent and charming impersonation of Viola by Miss Neilson, the comedy from its tender and poetical love passages, and the amusing nature of the numerous complications arising from the close resemblance between the twin brother and sister is well worth seeing.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Mr. Tom Taylor's historical play, *Twixt Axe and Crown*, an early and one of the few successes in the annals of this house, was revived here on Saturday night in succession to *Fatherland*, the English adaptation from M. Sardou's *Patrie*, which closed its brief and not very prosperous career the previous evening. Mrs. Rousby resumed her famous impersonation of the heroine, the Princess Elizabeth, a part written expressly for her, and with which her name is closely identified, and again succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of, and eliciting enthusiastic applause from, a crowded and admiring audience. She was supported by an excellent cast, which, in several instances, was stronger than when the play was first produced here in 1870. Mr. Hermann Vezin's finished art and elocutionary power were highly effective in his delineation of the wily Spanish ambassador, Simon Renaud, originally played by Mr. Ryder. Mr. Arthur Stirling was also excellent as Bishop Gardiner, his impressive style and dignified manner being aptly appropriate to the stern and plotting churchman, first represented by Mr. Henry Marston; Mr. E. H. Brooke, as the young lover, Edward Courtnay, Earl of Devon, is a great improvement to Mr. Rousby. Mr. John Billington, who succeeds Mr. Belford, was a genial exponent of the small part of Sir John Harrington; and Mr. Warren was efficient in another small, but important part, the Lieutenant of the Tower. Queen Mary found a stately and dignified representative in Miss M. Gordon, who succeeds Miss G. Pauncefort; and Miss Maude Milton, a clever and rising young actress, played Isabel Markham with grace and vivacity. The numerous minor characters were adequately sustained. The play is liberally and effectively put upon the stage, and the whole performance was as heartily enjoyed and as much applauded as ever. This undoubted success may lead to an extension of the period of twelve nights to which the revival was announced to be limited.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Following Lady Teazle and Pauline, Miss Ada Cavendish appeared on Tuesday night as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, the third of her final impersonations previous to her departure for America. To secure an effective representation of Shakspeare's poetical pastoral comedy, Mr. Hayes has added to his already strong company by several special engagements, including Mr. J. D. Stoye, for the part of Touchstone, and Mr. F. Wood, and other vocalists, for the incidental solos and glees. Notwithstanding these praiseworthy efforts, and the evident care bestowed upon the preparation, the performance on Tuesday evening was not uniformly satisfactory. The music, which it was intended should be a feature of the revival, being specially open to criticism. Mr. F. Wood, as Amiens, gave the two well-known songs with good taste and expression, but the glees were sadly out of joint, and all were marred by the want of unity between the singers and the orchestral accompaniment. These, however, and some minor dramatic defects, will doubtless be rectified after two or three representations, when the performance will be sure to prove highly attractive. Rosalind is one of Miss Caven-

dish's most finished comedy impersonations, replete with bright intelligence throughout, and conspicuous for piquant archness and the sprightly railery, displayed in the two great scenes in the third and fourth acts, in which the pretended forester banters the love-sick Orlando, concluding with the short song, generally omitted, but now restored by Miss Cavendish, who rendered it with charming simplicity and grace, still without any pretentious effort. Celia was agreeably and pleasingly rendered by Miss Emmerson. Miss Gerard was the shepherdess, Phoebe, and Miss Kate Rivers displayed unwonted versatility by her humorous impersonation of the rustic wench, Audrey, so quaintly wooed and eventually won, by the licensed jester, Touchstone, a character more than creditably sustained by Mr. J. D. Stoye. "The Seven Ages," and other philosophical speeches of Jacques, were delivered with nicely-balanced emphasis and discrimination by Mr. H. Forrester, who, however, made the character sardonic and hard rather than contemplatively melancholy. As Orlando, Mr. Lin Rayne was at times too declamatory and boisterous, though he evidently bestowed much thought upon, and took great pains with, a part quite unsuited to him. The only other noteworthy assumptions, were the courtier, Le Beau, of Mr. De Belleville; the old servitor, Adam, of Mr. H. Stephens; and the shepherd, Corin, of Mr. Charles Steyne. The comedy was preceded by the Globe farce of *The Magpie and Thimble*, which was amusingly rendered by Messrs. W. H. Stephens and Brennan and Misses Chetwynd and Kate Rivers.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

A slight dramatic sketch, entitled *Answer Paid*, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, with music by Mr. Walter Austin, was produced on Monday evening, as a new second part to the German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall. The story of this novelty is of the slightest, and stated by the author to be founded on a proverb of M. Poirson's. Mrs. Wedderburn, a charming young widow (Miss Fanny Holland), has received an offer of marriage from a Mr. Rosedale (Mr. Arthur Law), whom she only met while travelling in Switzerland, and knew but little of. Anxious to find out whether the gentleman was eligible and worthy before she replies to his offer, Mrs. Wedderburn, in conjunction with a relative, Mrs. Lysle (Miss Leonora Braham), writes a letter to a mutual friend, asking in confidence for the true character of Mr. Rosedale. An answer duly arrives, giving an elaborate account of the gentleman, but unfortunately the most important passage is obscured by a blot, which the ingenuity of both the ladies as well as of an unappreciated poet, and a rival for the hand of Mrs. Wedderburn, one Knacklyn Fawke (Mr. Alfred Reed), is unable to decipher. A telegram, "Answer Paid," is at once despatched to the writer for an explanation of the blotted word. While waiting for the reply, Mr. Rosedale himself arrives, and the jealous Fawke, in the hope of discovering some flaw in his character or disposition, tempts him with dice, cigars, wine, and other devices, but in vain; Rosedale withstands all these and other tests. When at last the answer arrives explaining the expression, rendered obscure by the blot to be "He is perfect," whereupon Mrs. Wedderburn joyfully accepts Mr. Rosedale as a husband, to the discomfiture of the poor poet, who is good-naturedly dismissed. This trifle, rendered amusing by the smartness of the dialogue (which, however, might be curtailed with advantage), and still more by the well-sustained humour of Mr. Alfred Reed, as Fawke, and the artistic and refined acting of his three coadjutors in the interpretation. Mr. Austin's music is unpretentious but pleasing; the best morceaux being a trio sung by the two ladies and Mr. Alfred Reed when concocting the telegram. *A Happy Bungalow* has been revived for a short time as the opening item in the entertainment, and Mr. Coney Grain's sketch, *A Musical Almanack*, still continues the intermediate feature.

MISS HEATH AS "JANE SHORE."

FOR the second time we embellish our pages with a portrait of Miss Heath as "Jane Shore," a departure from our usual custom, which is warranted (1) by the remarkable popularity which her marvellous impersonation yet enjoys, and (2) from the fact that clever as Mr. Matt. Stretch's drawing* undoubtedly is, it represents her in a phase of Mr. Wills's play which does no justice whatever to the striking natural beauty of Mistress Shore in the period of her power, when she was a great lady in the land, and was attired in a manner befitting her exalted position. Amongst long "runs," that of *Jane Shore* already takes a prominent place, and will probably rank hereafter with those of *Our Boys*, *The Great Divorce Case*, *Pink Dominoes*, &c., &c. In the language of "the management," the play, with its stirring writing throughout and its one scene of piteous power, is always a "sure draw." No matter how bad business is elsewhere, how unfavourable the weather, how unlucky the house, playgoers, especially those who are not ashamed of dropping a manly or womanly tear at a stage representation, crowd to see *Jane Shore*. To abandon generalizing and come to particulars, we may observe that at the Princess's Theatre, since the present revival of the piece there, Mr. Wilson Barrett has been almost compelled to defer the production of a new play, which he has long had in preparation. Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

UNE CAUSE CELEBRE.

THE story of this drama is full of those strong points and exciting situations which seldom fail in securing a large amount of success. In Paris it was triumphant, and hence it has crossed the sea, having been produced in America and being about to be produced in London. Pictorial incidents and accessories abound in each of its six acts. In the first act we see the cottage of Jean Renaud, a soldier, who has deposited with his wife certain valuables given to him by a dying officer, whom he succored on the battle-field. He has been followed by a villain, who, watching his departure, demands the treasure of his wife, Madeline, who resolutely refuses to surrender it. The child in the adjoining room cries out, and to silence it the ruffian compels her to say she is talking with her father. In the end it comes about that the wife is murdered, and the husband charged with her murder, his child being the principal witness against him. He is condemned to the galleys for life. The daughter grows up, becomes a young lady, adopted into the family of a wealthy nobleman, who has charge of the convicts of a military station, to which chance is indirectly due the fact that she meets her father in chains, and ultimately recognises him in the scene from which we give an engraving. Devoting herself to the task of proving his innocence she at length succeeds by means of a diamond necklace, introduced in the first act as having been given to her mother at the time of her marriage by the Countess d'Aubeterre.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES honoured the Stereoscopic Company in Regent-street, on Wednesday last, with sittings for some portraits. Notwithstanding the dulness of the weather, by the improved system of lighting some excellent pictures were obtained.

* See ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS for October 14, 1876, which number also contains a biographical sketch of the distinguished actress.





Wm. L. Lippincott

Henry Lippincott, Boston

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

LITTLE in the way of athletics proper calls for attention this week, the principal event being the race for the Thames Hare and Hounds long-distance challenge cup at Roehampton. The holder of the property, W. E. Fuller, retired from the competition, which was contested by C. H. Mason, P. H. Stenning, C. W. H. Dicker, and R. H. Benson. During the earlier portion of the race, Mason pursued waiting tactics, but at Cottenham Park he went up to Stenning, and to this pair the race was now confined. A quarter of a mile from home Stenning attempted to cut Mason down, but the veteran proved that he had not yet lost his turn of speed, as, with one run at the finish, he left his opponent as if he were standing still, and landed himself a winner by twenty yards; Dicker walked in third. Time, 46min 10sec. At Oxford, on Tuesday last, the resignation of the president, W. H. Grenfell, of Balliol, came under consideration, and it was decided not to accept it until the date for the boat race was definitely fixed, a hope being expressed that he would be able to bear the dark by land as well as water. The vacancy in the committee, caused by the retirement of C. T. Metcalfe, of University, has been filled up by the election of A. F. Hills, of the same society. A five miles members' handicap was also decided by the South London Harriers. There were fourteen starters, and W. M. Colson, 35sec start, won very easily in 34min, F. Evitt, 2min 20sec, being second, and C. Evitt, scratch, third.

In another portion of the paper will be found a representation of the feather-weight amateur championship, which calls for special comment, owing to the fact that the victor, C. Bishop, having won the belt three times, it becomes his own property. Although on the two previous occasions Bishop has had but little to do to hold his own, on the present occasion he met foemen more worthy of his steel in Messrs. Atkinson, Collinson, and Maris. The last-named succumbed to the holder in the first ties, and Atkinson had to peg under to Collinson, of whom I have heard some rare accounts. His (Collinson's) rumoured good qualities were proved to be not based on mere conjecture, and it was a very near thing indeed with him and Bishop in the final. The holder was remarkably cautious, indeed almost too much so, and it was not until well into the last round that he took a perceptible lead. However, his opponent then tiring, he let go three very hot ones clean from the right shoulder, which gave him such an advantage, that for a wonder the judge's decision was received without a murmur. I rather anticipate seeing Bishop at Lillie Bridge in March, and with anything like fair play, he may be very nearly securing the light-weight championship, although as things are carried on (or rather have been, as I fondly hope this year there may be an improvement) at these championship contests, one might just as well put all the names of the competitors in a hat, and draw one out as the winner, since pure merit has stood little or no chance against the representative of a high-class club.

Aquatics are now becoming a matter of public interest from the fact that the University crews, or rather those who are most probably going to comprise them, are thus early hard at preparatory work, as the real genuine business is not engaged in until Ash Wednesday. At present the crews are—Oxford: D. J. Cowles, St. John's (bow); S. L. F. Bayly, Christchurch; H. B. Southwell, Exeter; G. F. Burgess, Keble; J. W. Booth, Pembroke; W. H. Grenfell, Balliol; B. H. Pelham, Magdalen; and W. A. Ellison, University, stroke. Cambridge: Watson-Taylor, Magdalen (bow); C. T. Holmes, Clare; R. J. Spurrell, Trinity Hall; T. W. Barker, First Trinity; C. Gordon, Jesus; T. Williams, Clare; T. E. Hockin, Jesus, stroke. But of course many changes will take place in the latter crew ere they are definitely decided upon, and two of the dark blues will have to make way for Edwards-Moss and Marriott in the rival boat. The race at present is fixed for April 13, but the Oxonians are asking the Cantabs to bring the fixture forward a week and although no answer has been returned at the time of writing, I believe the point will be conceded if pressed. Torpid practice is going on briskly on the Isis, but I shall have more opportunity of noticing the work when they are all on the river next week. C. Brightwell, of the Surrey Rowing Club, and C. Smith, of Lee Bridge, rowed for a silver cup and a bet of £25, from Putney Aqueduct to Mortlake on Monday last, and the former won as he pleased. Courtenay, of New York state, according to my latest exchanges, is attempting to gain a bubble reputation by issuing challenges that he knows full well will not be accepted. He wants to row Trickett, Higgins, Boyd, or anyone else who may be lunatic enough to journey to Owasko Lake for £1,000, but only offers to allow fifty pounds expenses—rather a good thing for him, judging by the fair play our men have always received "across the streak."

Billiards we have had enough of, and to spare, the last three days, as Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, having offered their usual douceur of a hundred sovereigns, an American Handicap Tournament was commenced on Monday afternoon, and judging from the play up to the present time, will last until next Tuesday, as there must inevitably be a tie at the conclusion of the competition proper on Monday night. The arrangements are under the supervision of the ever-obliging and courteous Mr. W. Bell—and a greater guarantee of their excellency I need not to give—and the place of meeting is the Queen's Room, Argyll-street, adjoining Hengler's Circus. Of course, Cook is "boss of the shanty," as commander-in-chief, and equally certain is it that Messrs. Burroughes and Watts supply the table, which is composed of magnificent oak, light Russian wainscot, relieved with English brown. Of course it will be impossible for me to go through the various heats in detail, and therefore I will commence by stating that the players, with their starts are W. Cook, scr., Jos. Bennett, F. Shorter, S. W. Stanley, and Tom Taylor 125 points start, and W. Green, L. Kilkenny, and J. Collins 170 start, whilst the game is 500 up. Much grumbling at the handicap emanated from one division of the billiard world, but why I am at a loss to discover; it is remarkably open, and I fancy the player who is at the head of the growlers, if he has backed his own opinion, will find the balance on settling day upon the wrong side of his book, as at the time of writing it is a most open affair, no fewer than five out of the eight are upon an equality, with two wins out of three essays. As I intend next week to go thoroughly into the whole of the play, I shall, in this issue, give but a bare return of the proceedings up to and including, Wednesday night. On Monday, Taylor beat Collins by 80; Shorter beat Kilkenny by 113; Jos. Bennett beat Stanley by 139; Cook beat Green by 43. Tuesday's results were—Collins beat Kilkenny by 147; Green beat Taylor by 157; Stanley beat Cook by 74, and Shorter beat Bennett by 174. Wednesday's play was very interesting, Shorter having to succumb to Taylor by 101; Bennett to Green by 96; Kilkenny to Cook by 103, Shorter to Taylor by 101, and Stanley to Collins by 44. It will thus be seen that Cook, Green, Collins, Shorter, and Taylor, have each won a couple of games, Stanley, and J. Bennett one each, whilst Kilkenny at present, is still with no effects to his name. In spite of those who pretend to know, I cannot stand Cook, but shall couple Shorter and Collins in my endeavour to find the winner; although I cannot say that I am sanguine of having hit the right nail on the head. Last Friday I went where I have never been before, viz., to an establishment in Drury Lane, yclept the Middlesex Music Hall. I went

there because Dr. Richards, the well-known pyramid player, took a ticket benefit, and had advertised a pool for a gold pin to be contested for by the principal players in the professional. It was lucky that the *beneficiare* was cautious enough to stand at the entrance himself, as the ordinary custodian was about as insolent a specimen of the genus doorkeeper to a "penny gaff" that it has been ever my lot to meet, and I have had some rare exploring turns, both in London and the provinces. To resume, however. Cook having kindly taken the chair for a short period, during which I suffered the "agonies of the damned," by reason of the discordant rows emanating from the performances, vocal and instrumental, an adjournment was made to the billiard room, where, to their honour be it said, Cook, Stanley, Shorter, Taylor, "Oxford Jonathan," Charley Smith, G. Hunt, and Joseph Bennett had all kept faith with the *beneficiare* and the public. Richards himself took a ball, and a popular and well-known amateur filled up the list of ten players. The veteran "Oxford Jonathan" drew first blood, as playing with yellow he holed both red and white. However, I cannot spare space to wade through the whole game, but must content myself by stating that one by one the players fell out, until only Richards and Cook were left in. It has been my lot to witness single pool amongst players of every description, but I must say that the play was simply grand, the way in which safety was gone for and obtained being somewhat short of the marvellous at times. Richards has before now been a prominent competitor for a championship, and once ought to have secured the highest honours at pyramids; therefore as there are champions at any and every game now, I will inaugurate a new order, and claim for Richards the title of "Champion Pool Player of England," as he proved the victor, and no one grudged him his success. I hope no one will get his back up over my honourable mention of the above; and, Master D. R., don't you forget to send the case of champagne you are certain to be accused of having promised me.

Football I shall this week deal in lightly, as I have been more wordy than is my wont in the early portion of this letter. First on the list comes the two Association tie matches, at the Oval, between Cambridge University and Old Harrovians, and Oxford University and Clapham Rovers. The former resulted in a draw, and contrary to general expectation, the Oxonians beat the Rovers by three goals to two. Of other matches I must perforce speak but briefly, Wasps beat Harlequins; Old Cheltonians, Clapham Rovers; Richmond and Queen's House played a draw, and Blackheath beat R.I.E., Cooper's Hill. Flamingoes defeated a weak team of Guy's Hospital men, Ravenscourt Park overpowered West Kent, who also did not play their full strength; London Hospital vanquished Dartmouth; Institute, Alma; West End, Kensington; Southill Park, Pilgrims; Wolverton, Alliance; Brixton, Eaton Rovers; and several other matches also took place too numerous to be able to this week occupy the attention of EXON.

THE PEOPLE'S CATERER AND THE PROFESSIONALS.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, in a Paris journal, relates the following:—"Mr. Holland, the spirited manager of the Surrey Theatre, generously threw open his doors a few days since to the members of what he termed 'the profession,' and treated them to a morning representation of his excellent pantomime. The Napoleon of Caterers, who looks always on the sunny, as well as the Surrey side of life in this huge metropolis, smilingly received his principal visitors at the summit of the stairs, and a wonderful collection of persons of all ages and conditions presented themselves. They came in groups, in crowds, in processions. 'Surely,' said J., wondering, to the majestic impressario, 'all these people are not actors?'

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, with a wave of his jewelled fist, 'all—more or less. Some are from theatres some from music halls, some are singers, some dancers, some acrobats, some supers—all are professionals.'

"As these curious people trooped in, I did not seem to recognise a single face, and I am not wholly destitute of experiences at places of London amusement. I stood by the side of the giant caterer, thinking I could learn the names of the visitors. He seemed to know everybody, but my curiosity was defeated. He merely addressed them by their Christian names. 'How are you, Jerry?'—'Ah, Jack, all right, eh?' &c. I could learn nothing. At length a funny little girl, showily attired, who looked like a servant out for a holiday, presented herself.

"'Please, sir, can I go in?'

"'Who are you?' demanded Holland.

"'I'm Miss —, and I'm in the ballet at the —,' mentioning an East-end music hall.

"'Have you a ticket?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Didn't you see the advertisement, that all persons wishing admission must write for a pass, and no one to be admitted without?'

"The girl's reply was delicious.

"'Yes, sir, I see the advertisement in the paper, leastways my cousin did; but Mr. 'Olland, I *did* forget to write, not 'avin' a pen 'andy in the 'ouse, and it's cost me fourpence in the 'buss, and I wasn't quite sure as 'ow to spell your name.'

"That settled it. He admitted her."

NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Anna Eure, of Her Majesty's Opera—Drawings from Earl Zetland's Hounds at Stapleton, by J. Sturges—A Dramatic Scene from the Annual Soirée of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb—"Posting her Valentine," by Dower Wilson—Scene from *Twelfth Night* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket—English Musical Composers, J. F. Burnett—The Love Test—Portraits of Signor Piatti and Ole Bull—Actors of the Past, William Faren as Sir Anthony Absolute—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Portrait of His Holiness the late Pope Pius the Ninth.

"OUR BOYS."—The 1,000th night of Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy, *Our Boys*, occurs on the 19th instant, on which occasion the entire gross receipts will be handed over to the Lord Mayor for distribution amongst charitable institutions.

DEBRET'S PEFRAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE FOR 1878, the 165th year of issue, is announced for immediate publication. It has been amplified, improved, and remodelled by Robert H. Mair, LL.D.

THE annual supper of, and vocal and instrumental concert by, Mr. T. Shipwright's assistants, Tichborne-street, will take place on Saturday evening, February 23, 1878. Chairman, Mr. Henri; vice-chairman, Mr. Nives.

THE Sheffield executive have set aside the next great cricket match Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, for the benefit of that old and esteemed player, Tom Emmett, and the contest will take place at Bramall-lane, in July next. A committee has been formed to make the affair as great a success as possible.—*Sporting Chronicle*.

If your teeth decay or discolour use Rowlands' Odonto, which seventy-five years' trial has proved to be the best dentifrice. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Rowlands' Mearns Oil preserves the hair. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (family bottles, equal to four small), and 21s. Sold by all chemists, perfumers, and hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

FOR A GIRL'S BRIDAL.

SONNET.

AROUSED from sleep, woods show the ruddy morn
Bosses of gold; for, waking after night,
They find their ranks all pierced by shafts of light,
And flush of Eastern watch-fires on the corn.
Now seeks the lark of drowsy shade forlorn
His viewless keep in cloud-embattled height:
He sings:—The sun! The red sun round and bright.
No foe, ye pines! Your god! A day new-born!
Oh, would that I might like this wild bird lean
From azure watch-towers of thy wedding day,
And sing to thee and drive thy fears away
With stout words borrowed from the songs they sung,
Through arching spears around the Unwed Queen,
In that bronzed manhood of the English tongue!

RICHARD DOWLING.

CHESS.

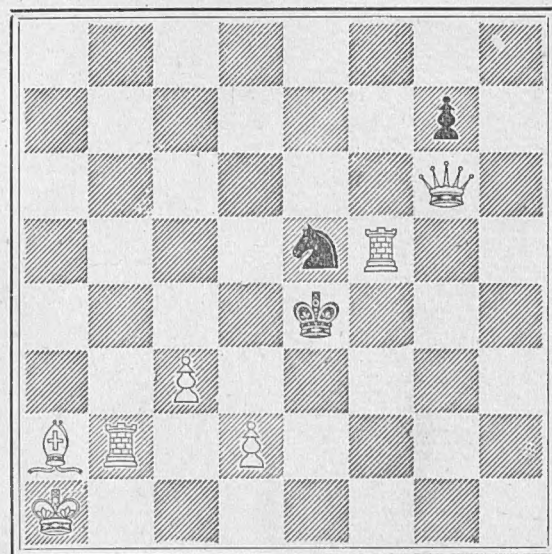
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. H., Newcastle-on-Tyne.—We have complied with your request.
Rev. F. CARRO L.—We regret that, owing to a mistake, your card has only just reached us. Your solution is correct.
J. F. S.—Many thanks for the Problems. We intend to publish one of them next week.
J. C. K., Monkton Combe.—See our answer to Rev. F. C. We purpose answering your letter next week.
Solutions of Problem No. 175, by G. D., J. G., and T. Knight, are correct.

PROBLEM NO. 176.

By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

An instructive game played lately between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw, and another strong player.

WHITE.		BLACK.		WHITE.		BLACK.	
(Mr. A.)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)	(Mr. A.)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)	(Mr. A.)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)	(Mr. A.)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	17. R to Q B sq	K to Kt sq	Q takes R P			
2. P to Q 4	P takes P	18. R to K Kt sq	Q takes R P	P to Q 6			
3. P to Q B 3 (a)	P takes P (b)	19. Kt to K 4	P to Q 6	R to B 5			
4. R to Q B 4	P takes P	20. Q to Q 2	K to R sq	H to R 6			
5. R takes Kt P	Kt to K B 3	21. P to B 5	Q takes B	Q takes R 3			
6. P to K 5	H to Kt 5 (ch)	22. P to B 6	Q to K 3 (ch)	Kt to K 4			
7. K to B sq (c)	P to Q 4	23. B takes B	Kt to K 6	Kt takes R			
8. B to Kt 5 (ch)	P to H 3	24. K to B 2	Q to Q 5	P to Q 7 (f)			
9. P takes Kt	P takes B	25. K R to K sq	Q takes Q	R takes Kt			
10. P takes P	R to Kt sq	26. K to Kt 3					
11. Kt to K R 3	Kt to B 3	27. Kt to B 4 (e)					
12. Kt to H 4	P to Q 5	28. Q to Kt 2					
13. Kt to R 5	B to K 2	29. Q takes Kt					
14. Q to K 2	R to K 3	30. Q to R sq					
15. Kt to Q 2	Q to Q 4 (d)	31. Kt takes P					
16. P to B 4	Castles	32. R takes Q					

White resigns.

- (a) This move resolves the opening into the Danish Gambit, which is considered unsound for the first player.
- (b) P to Q 4 equalises the positions, and gives Black an easier and safer game; but the move made properly followed up ought to give him a serious if not winning advantage.
- (c) If Kt to B 3, Black plays effectively, Q to K 2.
- (d) Black has now not merely a numerical superiority, but an aggressive position.
- (e) Play as he may he cannot avoid the loss of the exchange at least.
- (f) Black finishes off the games in commendable style; wasting no force, and losing no time.

CHESS NEWS.

It has been known for some time past that the late Herr Lowenthal bequeathed a certain sum of money to be invested in perpetuity, and the interest accruing therefrom to be applied by trustees to the promotion of chess. We are now glad to learn that Mr. Medley, being assured that he has a perfect right—legal as well as moral—to deal with the fund in question as he pleases, has wisely resolved to apply the money in his hand, £274, to the advancement of chess in his own time; and accordingly has placed £10 at the disposal of the Editor of the "Westminster Papers," for prizes in an International Problem Tourney; and a further sum of £105, at the disposal of the Committee of the St. George's Club, for prizes in a Chess Tournament, to be held this year, or for any other object in connection with the game. Now ye champions! English, French, Germans, and Americans; whet your swords and buckle on your armour for this great battle.

Mr. J. Wisker, who is now residing at Brisbane, in Queensland, on the 8th of last December, performed the difficult feat of playing six games simultaneously, and without seeing board or men. He won five games, and the other was drawn. The spectators were very numerous, and highly appreciative.

The first telephonic game of chess was played last month at Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. It was a consultation game, and the combatants were separated by a distance of several miles. The game lasted for several hours, and was not finished, owing to the lateness of the time to which it was prolonged. On one side were Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, the lady champion of the world, and Mr. J. G. Belden; and on the other, Messrs. A. E. Olmstead and C. J. Lincoln.

Chess at Simpson's Divan has been very flourishing during the last month. A few days since the Rev. C. E. Ronker and Professor Wayte visited the room; the latter gentleman engaged in friendly fight with Mr. MacDonnell, and gave proof of augmented strength, occasioned, no doubt, by regular practice with the best London players during the last two years. A few days since, the veteran Mr. Lowe reappeared at the Divan, whilom the scene of his many triumphs, and was most heartily welcomed by his old friends. Although aged 84 years, he looked very well, chatted as pleasantly, philosophised as sapiently, and played as potently as ever.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING IN DEALING WITH CATTLE AND SHEEP DISEASES.—Infinitesimally small would be the loss of young Cattle and Sheep by Disease at the trying Season of Gold, Sleet, and Rain, if they were put under shelter and "Day, Son, and Hewitt's" "Red Drench" and "Gaseous Fluid," administered, as the kind of ailment may require. The serious loss to the Farmer, during bad lambing, may be prevented by dosing with the "Red Drench," all highly fed Ewes one week before they lamb. And in case of Debility, Diarrhoea, or Exhaustion in young stock, Sheep, Lambs, and Calves, a dose or two of the "Gaseous Fluid" is of all remedies, the most safe and the most effective.—22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—On Tuesday the meet was at Horton, when Mr. Stephen Pullen entertained the hunt at breakfast, which he always does whenever the stag, or Sir Robert Harvey's Harriers come in the neighbourhood. It was a hard frost, and seemed more like skating than hunting, but Goodall was there with 15 couples of hounds, and two untied "Hinds." At the hour, fixed there was the usual yell out, and the welcome sun coming out with strong rays; the "crust of frost" gave way, and the first hind uncanted; away, pointing for West Drayton, but quickly tacked round, and away for Ditton Park, skirting which she made for Datchet and Wraybury, and haking back to Horton Paper Mills, when there was a check; but the hounds were soon on good terms with the "deer," and raced her through Mr. Walker's meadows, then back to Datchet, to Riding Court Farm, over the grass to Upton Park, where she was taken, after a pretty run of about an hour and a half.

Yesterday they met at Maidenhead Thicket. The field was a very small one, including Sir Gilbert East, Capt. Pajot, Hon. Mrs. Webb, &c. The "deer" was uncanted at the usual place, near Heyward lodge, near White Waltham Church. Away for White Waltham, by Mr. Bond's, then back to Mr. Day's farm, when he took "soil," thence to Laurence Waltham, and was taken on Mr. Sharp's Farm.

THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT.—These hounds have been doing very fairly, they found a fox on Mr. Ben Way's estate, in the osier-bed, and another while hounds were running in the Covert, at Manor House Farm—last week—giving good runs.

MR. RICHARDSON GARDNER'S STAGHOUNDS had a by-day on Saturday last, at the special request of the enterprising bachelors of the Northleach district, who had arranged and carried out a most enjoyable dance on the previous evening, assisted by that kind lady, Miss Mac Pherson. Mr. Gardner kindly brought his hounds to Northleach, and gave the sportsmen of the neighbourhood a rare treat. The hounds were sent on to Mr. James Walker's, where refreshment was provided for man and horse, and on the arrival of the Squire of Cowley, at half-past eleven, received a hearty welcome.

The deer, named on the occasion, Miss Mac-Pherson, bounded away over Mr. Bagnall's farm, near the Cirencester-road, the hounds taking her with a moderate scent over the Oxford road in the direction of Humpnett, away to the left by the back of Northleach to Farmington, where she was headed: away to Newbarn, when the scent improved, they rattled away to Lord Sherborne's park, when they ran up to her, and on to Aldsworth; from this village the line was through Bratch-copse, as if for Williamstrip Park, then turned to the right with a strong pace to Bibury Grove, away to Abington, and over the Coln. By this time it was a case of "bellows to mend," but forward was again the cry, the hounds are over the brook, which was "bank-high." The first over was Jack Walker, who met with a far cooler reception than he did from the ladies the night before; next to come was Hickman, the huntsman, who had handled his hounds capitally, and rode in his usual determined way, and he also got a ducking; the rest of the field found a convenient fording place; the hounds streaming away over a real good country, straight for Barnsley, crossing the Wold; the scent still strong, in fact improving, away for Ready Token, to the left, as if for Cirencester Town. A sheep dog here headed the deer, and he turned for the village of Poulton. Here to the right they ran to Maiseyhampton, at which place she was taken in the well-known shire ditch, which is the boundary line of the counties, Wilts and Gloucester, after a fine run of two hours and twenty minutes over as good a country as could be wished for, the fences big enough to satisfy anyone. The deer was taken on the land of that hard-riding young farmer, Mr. Craddock, of Abington—both Jack Walker and the huntsman had another ducking during the run. At the finish of this fine run were the popular Squire, Messrs. Fletcher, Newbold, Charlton King's, Hewer, Minchin, Kibble and young Mr. Newbold. This run was from twenty-five to thirty miles.

Now the way Mr. Gardner is doing the whole thing is as good as it possibly can be; he has spared no expense, and the whole County of Gloucestershire welcomes him whenever his hounds meet. He is a hale-fellow, well met, with all the farmers. The hounds run well together, and this being the first season, it is wonderful how complete and level they are, and at the finish, they are all there. Great credit is due to the huntsman and the whole establishment.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAGHOONS.—These hounds had a run over the Buckinghamshire County last week. They met at Horton Manor. The line was from Mr. Walker's to Mr. Graham's, over the big brook and on to Mad Bridge—here they had a check. The hounds were laid on the other side of the bridge, and hounds running very fast, many began to tail off—away to Staines-Moor—and finished on Mr. Pullen's Farm—only four saw the end. The huntsman, Captain Higgins, Mr. White, and one other. The Hon. C. Carrington had a cold bath in the brook, and many others came down. Mr. L. K. Knollys had an accident his horse falling on him and breaking his collar-bone. Lady Follett, went as usual in front, but her horse refused the last fence. Considering the frost, the going was very good. On Wednesday they met at the Brocas. Lords Newark, C. Ker, Cochrane, and many others were out. Ran to Burnham Abbey, and over a stiff country, and finished at Maidenhead Bridge, over a deep plough country.

On Tuesday the Prince of Wales hunted with her Majesty's buckhounds. His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Sir George Wombwell and Lord Hardwicke—Colonel Ellis being in attendance, arrived at Slough shortly before noon, and drove to the meet, which was held at the farm of Mr. J. Atkins, near Farnham Royal Church. There was a large field. The deer Pantalone was uncanted in a field about half a mile from the homestead.

Amongst the various sportsmen who met with accidents last week, the Duke of Norfolk sustained a fall whilst hunting with Lord Leconfield's hounds. His Grace's horse bolted, and passing under a tree, a bough struck the Duke in the chest, hurling him violently to the ground. Fortunately no bones were broken, and it was expected that his Grace will be in the saddle again by the end of this week. George Castleman, huntsman to the Atherstone Hounds, met with an accident while out with his pack in the neighbourhood of Newbold Verdon on Monday. The horse failed to pick up at a blind ditch, and the animal fell with its rider, kicking him severely at the back of the head, blood flowing profusely. Castleman, with his accustomed pluck, remounted his steed, and notwithstanding his injuries rode some distance, but was unable to finish the day's sport.

The Newcastle Chronicle gives the following account of runs with the Northumberland Hounds.—On Wednesday last, the meet at Newham Stat. on was the prelude to a splendid run. After a short time the dogs gave mouth, and a strong fox broke cover, and with a merry "harkaway" the gallant sportsmen and the swift hounds, with their shrill and heart-stirring music, rushed after the game over bogs, and ditches, and walls, and hedges; but Keynard, with crafty deviations, eluded their grasp, and, after various alternations of danger and escapes, he succeeded, after a run of about 15 miles, in finding a safe retreat in the rocky clefts and woody shelters of Ratcheugh Crag, with Major Creswell and Mr. Arthur Thew to the front. There are bogs about Newham, and unfortunately Major Browne's horse plunged and fell, and struck him on the chest; but we are glad to learn that the gallant sportsman is getting better, and no eventual danger is anticipated.

—On Friday they met at Lemington Bank, a very picturesque scene, commanding magnificent views of the Vale of Whittingham and the cloud-capped Cheviots, with splendid belts of plantations and rocky ledges all around it, in which there is seldom found to be a blank. After a bit beating and shouting, a shrill whimper was heard, and a fine fox broke from the pine woods below the cloudy Crag, and after being sighted for a time, he eluded their vigilance amongst the tall brown heather of Alnwick Moor. He was creeping along the park wall to get back to his native shelter; he attempted this twice, but after a "tally-ho" from a spectator they got upon his trail again; but getting amongst the whins near the Rifle Range, he crept away unobserved, and crossed the Moor Burn and the heights on the other side. However, before he had gone far, there was a good gallop after him over the Recreation Ground into Mr. Hall's field, closely adjoining the town; whither the shrill music of the hounds, which was heard for some time, attracted numbers of the townspeople of both sexes, who had a most delightful view of the sport. Still, with admirable skill, the wily fox made for Alnwick Moor, Mr. Logan's farm, and Kugley Wood, where he deservedly saved his life by his skillful strategy.

TOM DAY, another of the old school of huntsmen passed away recently, aged 86, from the effects of a fall down stairs. Day began life with a sporting parson as a boy, and before he was twenty went to Lord Scarborough as second whip. He remained there about three years, and then went to "The Squire," from thence to Sir George Sitwell as first whip, and finally became huntsman. Then he was at Tedworth about three seasons with Mr. Asheton-Smith, and after that turned the Warwickshire to old Will Boxall, whom he succeeded with the horn, and remained there five or six years. He then took the command at Quorn, where he remained for eighteen seasons with Mr. T. Hodgson, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, and Sir Richard Sutton. On the latter's death, when the High Leicestershire country was handed over to Mr. Talley, he got a pack together for him, hunted them one season, and then retired. It is a curious coincidence that on the day his old master, Sir Richard Sutton died, the Quorn were advertised to meet at Radcliff-on-the-Wreake, and so they were on the day of Tom Day's death. He assisted the late Marquis of Hastings in forming his pack when he took the Quorn on the retirement of Mr. Clowes.

The following horses have been sold by Messrs. Tattersall; Wild Kate, b m by Wild Huntsman, Mr. Gray, 45 guineas; Sweetheart, b m (4 yrs) by Saunterer—Sweetwater, Mr. Poole, 40 guineas; Sir William, br g (aged) by Lord of the Isles—Referee's dam, Mr. Woodlands, 30 guineas; Br m, (h-b) by Humphrey Clinker, Mr. Woodlands, 20 guineas; Br f (4 yrs) by Knight of the Garter—Changeable, Mr. Hunt, 32 guineas; Judge, br g (aged) by Voltigeur—Spinster, Mr. Long, 70 guineas; Humphrey Clinker, b h by Voltigeur—Sweet Pea, Mr. Cleaver, 2 guineas; Montrose, ch c (1 yrs) by Keith—The Pet, Mr. J. Manser, 2 guineas; Sinico, b c (3 yrs) by Favonius—Bangle, Mr. Cleaver, 16 guineas.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

STREATHAM FEBRUARY STEEPLECHASES.

TUESDAY.

OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each with 50 added; 2 miles. Mr. I. S. Shackleford's br g The Tippler (h b), by Rococo, dam by Van Galen—Cocktail, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb Mr. Barnes 1
Mr. A. Poole's b g Anacreon, aged, 1st 2lb (£100) Mr. A. Yates 2
Mr. J. Dashwood's b g Wheatear, 5 yrs, 1st 2lb (£100) Owner 3
Also ran: Caro, aged, 1st (£100); Miss Puff, 5 yrs, 1st (£100); 6 to 4 agst Anacreon, 2 to 1 agst Caro, 4 to 1 agst The Tippler, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

THE MITCHAM HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; 2 miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. M. Myers's b c Jamais Arriere, by Arthur Wellesley—Queen Emma, 4 yrs, 1st Davis 1

Mr. J. Greenwood's br h Brown Holland, aged, 1st 2lb Mr. Crawshaw 2

Mr. G. Forster's b m Kate, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb J. Prince 3
Also ran: Royal Oak II., 6 yrs, 1st 9lb; Vanguard, 6 yrs, 1st 13lb; Knight of the Bath, 5 yrs, 1st 2lb; Perseverance, 6 yrs, 1st; Ropedancer, aged, 1st 10lb; 5 to 2 agst Knight of the Bath, 10 to 30 agst Vanguard, 5 to 1 each agst Royal Oak II., and Jamais Arriere, 10 to 15 agst Kate, and 7 to 1 agst Brown Holland. By a head; a length between second and third.

SELLING HURDLE STAKES of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 30 added: winner to be sold for £80; 2 miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. R. Schofield's ch c Hunger, by The Earl or Vienna—Famine, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb (£80) R. Marsh 1

Mr. F. G. Hodson's h b Swift, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb (£40) Owner 2

Mr. Cameron's ch g Kino, 4 yrs, 1st (£80) J. Daniels 3

Letcombe, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb (£40) 0

Events on Letcombe, 3 to 1 agst Hunger, and 5 to 1 agst Swift. Won in a canter by twelve lengths: sold to Mr. L'Enfant for 145 guineas.

THE STREATHAM OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 80 added; second receive 10 sovs; about two miles and a half.

Mr. J. Gartlan's b m Bric-a-Brac, by Bracket—Ornament, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb Mr. St. James 1

Mr. A. Yates's br g Lothair, aged, 1st 10lb Mr. Barnes 2

Mr. J. Cartlan's b g Rock Savage, aged, 1st 7lb J. Marsh 3

Also ran: Calton, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb; Cartel, aged, 1st 4lb; English Archer, 4 yrs, 1st 4lb.

2 to 1 agst Lothair, 3 to 1 agst Calton, 10 to 30 agst Bric-a-Brac, and 5 to 1 agst Cartel. Won by six lengths; a bad third. Calton was fourth and English Archer last throughout. Cartel fell at the last fence.

SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 40 sovs; winner to be sold for £100; about two miles and a half.

Mr. A. Yates's b g Longford, by Artillery—Legacy, aged, 1st (£50) Owner 1

Mr. James Nightingall's b m Susannah, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb (£50) Faverstock 2

Also ran: Judge, aged, 1st (£50); Minnie, aged, 1st (£50); Royal Charlie, aged, 1st (£50).

Events on Longford, 3 to 1 agst Minnie, and 7 to 2 agst Susannah. Won by three-parts of a length.

HUNTER'S HURDLE PLATE of 50 sovs; second received 10 sovs; 2 miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. Schofield's b h Adieu, by Knowsley—Farewell's dam, aged, 1st Mr. H. Marsh 1

Mr. A. Yates's b g Crawler, aged, 1st 2lb Owner 2

Mr. L'Enfant's b m Sissy, 6 yrs, 1st 2lb Mr. St. James 3

Also ran: Jack's Alive, 6 yrs, 1st 9lb; Lady Curral, 6 yrs, 1st 9lb; Anacreon, aged, 1st 2lb; The Tippler, 5 yrs, 1st 3lb; Maristow, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb.

2 to 1 agst Adieu, 3 to 1 agst Lady Curral, 10 to 30 agst The Tippler, and 6 to 1 agst Sissy. Won easily by three lengths.

WEDNESDAY.

A HUNTER'S FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. Two miles, on the flat.

Mr. H. J. Hart's Lady Curral, 6 yrs, 1st (£100) Mr. H. Marsh 1

Mr. R. S. Cook's Confusion, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb (inc. 5lb ex.) Mr. Friend 2

Mr. J. Dashwood's Wheatear, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb (£100) Owner 3

Also ran: Premise, aged, 1st 6lb (£50); Great Eastern, aged, 1st 7lb; Sissy, 6 yrs, 1st 5lb (£100); Miss Puff, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb (£50).

6 to 5 agst Confusion, 5 to 2 each agst Sissy and Great Eastern, 6 to 1 agst Wheatear, and 10 to 1 agst Lady Curral. Won by a neck; a bad third.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added; winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. James Nightingall's b c Bird in the Air by Idus—Nanny Thormanby, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb Bayerstock 1

Mr. J. Tame's Silverley, aged, 1st 12lb J. Prince 2

Mr. J. Greenwood's Brown Holland, aged, 1st 5lb Mr. Crawshaw 3

6 to 5 on Brown Holland, 5 to 2 agst Silverley, and 7 to 2 agst Bird in the Air. Won by half a length; three parts of a length between 2nd and 3rd.

A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; winner to be sold for £50. Two miles over eight hurdles.

Mr. L'Enfant's ch c Hunger by The Earl or Vienna—Famine, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb Mr. St. James 1

Mr. A. Poole's St. Bees, 5 yrs, 1st 9lb Mr. R. Shepherd 2

Mr. W. Reeves's Kedgeroe, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb C. Archer 3

Also ran: Plato, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb; Swift, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb; Kino, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb; Letcombe, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb.

11 to 10 on Hunger, 4 to 1 agst Kino, 6 to 1 agst St. Bees, and 10 to 1 agst Plato; won by three parts of a length; ten lengths between second and third.

THE NORBURY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles.

Mr. Newman's b c Elliott by Distin—Neil Gwynne, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb H. Davis 1

Mr. A. Yates's Lothair, aged, 1st 10lb Mr. Barnes 2

Mr. Gavacian's Moortown, aged, 1st 2lb Mr. St. James 3

Mr. Easton Grey's Father Mathew 4 yrs, 1st 4lb Daniels 0

2 to 1 each agst Moortown and Lothair, 5 to 2 agst Elliott, and 4 to 1 agst Father Mathew. Won by three lengths. Father Mathew did not pass the post.

A HUNTER'S STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. Two miles and a half.

Mr. A. Yates's b g Crawler by Lotterer—Curatrix, aged, 1st 3lb Owner 1

Mr. C. Gregg's Lancaster, aged, 1st 10lb (£50) Mr. F. Gregg 2

Mr. J. S. Halford's Arcadia, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb (£50) Mr. G. S. Lowe 3

Also ran: Derrenane, aged, 1st 3lb (£100); Stonecrop, 4 yrs, 1st (£100); Barton, aged, 1st 3lb; Hungerford, 6 yrs, 1st 3lb (£50).

2 to 1 each agst Crawler and Hungerford, and 5 to 1 agst Barton. Won by four lengths; ten lengths between the second and third.

A SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 30 sovs added; winner to be sold for 50. Two miles.

Mr. A. Yates's b g Longford by Artillery—Legacy, aged, 1st 7lb Owner 1

Mr. F. G. Hobson's Swift, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb Levitt 2

Captain Joy's Lula, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb Jones 3

Mr. J. Tyler's Rowland, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb Mr. Barnes 0

5 to 4 agst Longford, and 7 to 4 agst Lula. Won by three lengths; bad third.

CARMARTHEN STEEPLECHASES.

WEDNESDAY.

A MATCH for 40 sovs; 1st each. Two miles, over Flying Course.

Mr. F. Thomas's Lady Grey Owner 1

Mr. J. Olive's Rainbow J. Rudd 2

6 to 4 on Rainbow. Won by 20 lengths.

THE TALLY-HO HUNTERS STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 45 sovs. Three miles, over Flying Course.

Mr. F. K. Flutter's b g Taffy by King Charming, dam by John O'Gaunt, aged, 1st 7lb (inc. 21lb ex.) Owner 1

Mr. J. N. Moore's Pembroke, aged, 1st 7lb (inc. 21lb ex.) Mr. E. P. Wilson 2

Mr. Gillman's Old Crutch, aged, 1st 2lb Owner 3

2 to 1 on Taffy, 5 to 2 agst Pembroke, and 10 to 1 agst Old Crutch. Won by two lengths.

THE GONE AWAY HUNTERS STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 40 sovs. Two miles, over Flying Course.

Mr. Bowers's b g Simpleton, by Lamlash, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb (£50) Mr. Trewent 1

Mr. W. G. Phillips's Salvanie, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb (£50) Datch 2

Mr. Olive's Cameron, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb (£50) Jenkins 3

Also ran: Sarchedon, aged, 1st 9lb (£80); Batticry, aged, 1st 5lb (£100).

6 to 4 agst Batticry and 3 to 1 each agst Sarchedon and Simpleton. Won by four lengths; bad third.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANTS HUNTERS STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 50 sovs. Three miles, over the Banking Course.

Mr. T. Davies's Princess Beatrice, 6 yrs, 1st 3lb Mr. Gwyther 1

Mr. Andrew's Portia, 4 yrs, 1st 6lb Phillips 2

Mr. Powell's Druid, 6 yrs, 1st 3lb Pope 3

Also ran: Norah, 5 yrs, 1st 6lb; Peter, 6 yrs, 1st 3lb; Maltster, 5 yrs, 1st 8lb; Frederickshall, aged, 1st 7lb; Robin, 6 yrs, 1st 3lb.

6 to 4 agst Druid, 5 to 2 agst Princess Beatrice, and 4 to 1 agst Frederickshall, won by 20 lengths; bad third, Robin and Maltster refused, and Norah and Peter fell.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' HUNTERS HURDLE RACE PLATE

of 50 sovs. Three miles, over the Banking Course.

Mr. Powell's Comus by Nine Elms—Miss Brown, aged, 1st Pope 1

Mr. Thomas's Sally, 5 yrs, 1st J. Nicolas 2

Mr. H. Sick's Harold, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb Phillips 0

Mr. Castle's Katerfelto, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb Mr. Prewent 0

Mr. Gwyther's Stackpole, aged, 1st Owner Disq.

Even on Comus, 3 to 1 agst Katerfelto, and 4 to 1 agst Stackpole.

Stackpole won by half a length, a head only dividing second and third. The winner was objected to for improper entry and the race awarded to Comus.

A OPEN HURDLE RACE of 3 sovs each, with 40 added. Two miles, over eight hurdles.

Gipsy, aged, 1st 5lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 1

Kempton, aged, 1st 12lb J. Rudd 2

Miss Truelove, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb M. G. S. Lowe 3

Also ran: Lady Glenlochay, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb; Little Beware, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb; Carolus, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb; 5 to 4 agst Little Beware, 7 to 4 agst Gipsy

4 to 1 agst Miss Truelove, and 7 to 1 agst any other. Won by four lengths, bad third.

THE PENLLERGARE HUNTERS STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 25 sovs. Three miles, over the Banking Course.

Mr. Flutter's Taffy by King Charming, dam by John O'Gaunt, aged, 1st 3lb Owner 1

Mr. V. Phillips's Dunkeld, aged, 1st 13lb Mr. Braby 2

Mr. Llewellyn's Barter, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb J. Richards 3

Also ran: Peter, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb; Cymrw, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb; Portia, 4 yrs, 1st 5lb; Robin, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb.

7 to 4 on Taffy, 5 to 2 agst Cymrw, and 10 to 1 each agst the others (offered). With the exception of Taffy and Dunkeld, the whole of the opponents fell or refused, and the favourite, having the race well in hand, won easily by 12 lengths.

THE DEKLLYS HUNTERS FLAT RACE PLATE of 40 sovs; weight for age. Two miles on the flat.

Mr. Powell's ch g Milton by Wild Charlie—Mrs. Browne, aged, 1st 5lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 1

Mr. Burton's Abelarde, 5 yrs, 1st Owner 2

Mr. Gillman's Half-and-Half, aged, 1st 2lb Owner 3

Also ran: Toad, aged, 1st; Tittle Tattle, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb.

6 to 4 on Milton, 3 to 1 agst Abelarde, 5 to 1 agst Half-and-Half, and 8 to 1 agst Tittle Tattle. Won by six lengths; three lengths between second and third.

RACING IN FRANCE.

AUTEUIL SPRING MEETING.

SUNDAY, February 3.

PRIX D'OUVERTURE (Selling Steeplechase Handicap) of 6 sovs each, with 100 added; one mile and a half.

M. de Lapeyriere's br h Momeres, by Le Petit Caporal—Helne, 5 yrs, 1st 4lb Plummer 1

Marquis de St. Sauveur's ch f Cadichette, 4 yrs, 1st Andrews 2

Count d'Evry's ch m Anna, 6 yrs, 1st 8lb Summers 3

Also ran: Y. Blason, aged, 1st 6lb (£120); Quemandeur, 4 yrs, 1st.

2 to 1 agst Anna, 3 to 1 agst Y. Blason, 6 to 1 each agst Momeres and Cadichette, and 8 to 1 agst Quemandeur. Won by two lengths; a neck between second and third.

PRIX D'ESSAI (Selling Hurdle Race) of 4 sovs each, 1 ft. with 80 add d. One mile and a half.

Count de Breteuil's br c Dartagnan

ST. JOHN'S WOOD AMATEUR PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert of the present season took place on the 2nd. inst. at the "Eyre Arms" Assembly Rooms, a crowded audience being attracted by the programme, arranged by the able and esteemed conductor, Mr. George Mount. The performance commenced with the overture to Gounod's *Cinq-Mars* admirably played by members of the "Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society," and this was followed by Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio *Christus*, the tenor Recitatives being well rendered by Mr. H. P. Hewitt. The chorus

showed marked improvement both in this and in Brahms' "Song of Fate." Mr. Mount's clever child-pupil, Miss Clara Asher (aged nine years), played Bach's "Fugue" (No. 1), and "Spinnlied," by Letolf, in a manner that speaks much for both master and pupil. The principal items calling for special notice were Madame Orfa's artistic singing in "Lascia ch'io pianga," which was well chosen to display the fine quality of her voice; Hatton's songs, "Voice of the Western Winds" and "To Anthea," effectively sung by Mr. W. Webling, and the Gavotte from *Mignon*, which obtained a well-merited encore.

The glee "Vintagers' Evening Song," and *Prometheus* overture concluded the concert.

THE PHILOTHESPIAN CLUB.

MUCH has been said for and against amateur dramatic performances, but notwithstanding the controversy, the fact remains—that this innocent form of amusement is becoming more and more popular every year. One of the last clubs started of any note is the "Philthespian," and this club it was that took us on Saturday night last to the Bijou Theatre, to witness Lord Lytton's celebrated comedy, *Money*. We may congratulate the members of the Philthespian club on a very creditable performance. Mr. H. Stacke's portrayal of the part of Evelyn was a decided success, and proved, of course, the feature of the evening;



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 10. THE STAGE LOVER.

"Who scowled at the Lover, too silly by far,
Who thought he was such a Particular Star."

and he thoroughly merited the applause he received by an appreciative but undemonstrative audience. Mr. Chas. Myers, excellently "got up," played Sir John with ease, but the personation at times lacked vitality, and Messrs. Houghton, Wallace, Phillips (a capital Graves), Perkis, and Stephens also performed their respective parts satisfactorily. Miss Clifford gave a lively representation of the sparkling Lady Franklin, and Miss Williams acted the part of Georgina with such grace and refinement that an interest was imparted to an otherwise uninteresting character.

The professional services of Miss Leonora Braham, as Clara Douglas, it must be admitted, went far to secure the success the performance undoubtedly achieved.

I DESIRE to call the attention of Mr. Colam and his officers to the condition of the horses worked in the Post Office carts and vans. The state of most of these poor brutes is wretched in the extreme, and their treatment is worse. One day last week the passers-by in Cavendish-square were shocked at the spectacle of a

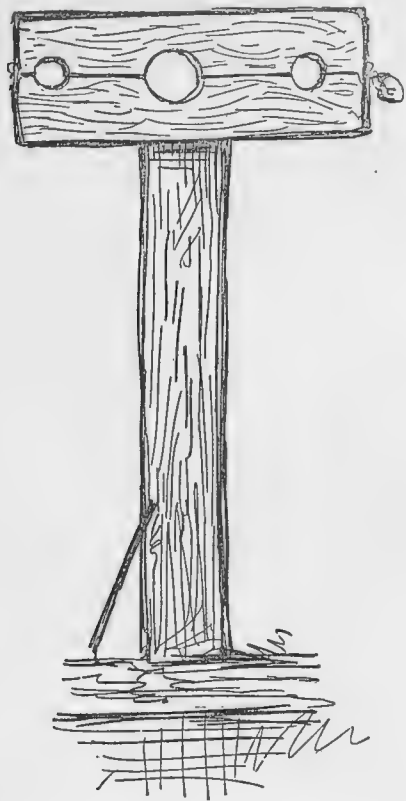
miserable animal, one of whose legs hung powerless, while it was being urged on at a rattling pace. I wish Lord John Manners, a most gentle and humane man, would as Postmaster-General make inquiry into this subject.—*The World*.

Land Ahead, an Irish drama, dealing with the emigration question, and written by George Manville Fenn, will shortly be produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett, at Hull. The music of the two songs in the piece, has been expressly composed by Mr. W. C. Levey.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THAT admirable piece of furniture, the pillory, has quite gone out of fashion in these gentle times, but I think it could be revived with salutary effect towards persons who occasionally interrupt and disturb the entertainments in theatres.

In a case of ultra-caddishness, such as occurred some little time back at the Grecian Theatre, one which Mr. Nicholls, the comedian, took upon himself very rightly to correct, and which



the "good man, Verges," of the Clerkenwell Police Court, took upon himself to excuse. A pillory, conveniently arranged to be run on as an Entr'Act, containing the carcass of some theatrical obstructionist, would serve as a warning to some, as a means of satisfactory entertainment to others, and of just punishment to the creature immediately concerned.

The pillory suggests itself to me because, to my mind, the offending persons place actors and actresses in the exact position of being bound hand and neck while the garbage of the cad's fulsome chaff is cast at them. The isolated position of one upon the



stage ought to be protected by, and meet with, the sympathy of an audience. I give a sketch of a choice specimen of the animal, culled from a large collection that may be seen scattered about many of our London theatres.

I do not for a moment include wholesome hissing in the theatrical obstruction; hissing is as admissible—at the right time—as applauding with the patting of the hands. Nor can I say, for my own part, that I would be gladly rid of the whistling gallery fiend, he is far from the stage, and his shrill note is the exuberance of his appreciation to some favourite in the hazy distance of the stage, and ought to be as exhilarating in its effect upon a true artist as the blast of the trumpet is upon a war

horse. There is a young person—in fact a row of young persons—who occupy the centre of the front row of a pit on first nights, that ought to be gagged, if not put in the pillory. They know all about the author, the actors, the people in the stalls, and regale the house with their opinions of these various personages. Their



knowledge is gained from cheap gossip, dramatic papers, and their identification of the individuals they derive from their friends and relatives who are engaged in some menial capacity about theatres. I have given a portrait of one of these young persons, who made himself busy on a recent first night by loudly informing persons who were sitting in the stalls immediately before him, some most uninteresting fictions concerning persons in the audience and on the stage. Before leaving the subject of theatrical obstructions, I must mention the eyesore of illmade and inappropriate head-dresses. They distract the attention and



destroy the temper. Ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets in the majority of our theatres, but mob caps are in vogue just at present. Nothing would be prettier than a charming woman, with a tasteful head-dress of this description. I went into the Royalty Theatre to see Mr. C. M. Rae's little piece—*Love's Alarms*. I had no sooner got comfortably settled than an elderly lady came and occupied the seat before me. I give a feeble memory sketch of the head-gear she had mounted. She was not young and lovely—she was old enough to know better, and if she should chance to see the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of this week I hope these lines will encourage her to burn THAT CAP! It was made of lavender satin, edged with lace, and badly balanced on each side with a huge bow of velvet. If a Jew with six hats had been in her place, I could at least have requested him to take off some of them, and most likely with success. But this riotous mob cap was an indispensable piece of

evening dress, and I had to sit glaring at it until the intense desire to stretch out my hand to feel if it was made framed on a scaffold of wood or cardboard became so uncontrollable that I had to leave without seeing the performance.

I have been wondering if "the People's Caterer" has offered the Rev. S. D. Headlam an engagement at the Surrey Theatre. His ex-reverence has met with a good deal of sympathy since the Bishop of London—whom the poet has told us is more than



very well off—deprived him of his slender means of livelihood. Surely the great Holland has not been backward in coming forward. After all, it might be a good thing for some poor curates, if they discarded the surplice for the sock and buskin; both in a worldly and spiritual sense they might find an improvement. I have often thought that a ballet of curates would be most entertaining. I commend it to Mr. Charles Morton. When the warlike movements of his present dance are over, it would be gentle and graceful in its movements, and the costumes strictly within the



bounds of morality. I remember some months ago seeing a clergyman thoroughly enjoying the ballet at the Metropolitan Music Hall. I wonder if it was the Rev. Mr. Headlam? The same night in the same place Mr. Gladstone was alternately enjoying the performance and chatting with another respectable member of the audience who had dropped into the seat next him. I hope Mr. Gladstone was not on that occasion, in the words of my lord the Bishop of London, "taking the first downward step towards vice and misery!"

ENGLISH MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

NO. 4.—MR. W. G. CUSINS.

OWING to an accident which happened to the portrait of this eminent composer, before going to press with the latter portion of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS, of the 2nd instant, we were compelled to publish the biography alone. In order to render the series as complete as possible, and as a means of correcting a typographical error, which occurred in the rendering the name of the subject of this notice, we repeat *in extenso*, the notice which appeared last week. Mr. Cusins was born in London, and studied, when quite young, at the Conservatoire in Brussels, under Fétis, etc. He subsequently gained the King's Scholarship twice at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he studied under Cipriani, Potier, and Sterndale Bennett. During this time he played frequently at the public concerts of the students given at the Hanover-square Rooms, and had several of his own compositions performed. Whilst still a student he was appointed organist of the Queen's private chapel, and of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. On leaving the Royal Academy he went to Germany, and played at Berlin, and at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. He subsequently for some years gave orchestral concerts in London, producing overtures, works for orchestra and voices, and a pianoforte concerto. He also appeared at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, the Crystal Palace, and others. In 1867 he was appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society's concerts, which post he still holds; and in the autumn of this year (1867) conducted the first performance of Sterndale Bennett's oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," at the Birmingham Festival. He also conducted the performance of it given afterwards in London. In 1868 he was appointed to conduct the orchestral choral practices, and the public concerts of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, which post, however, he relinquished two years later. In 1870 he was appointed master of the music to the Queen, in which capacity he conducts the state concerts, and other music at Court. In 1871 he was engaged to conduct the series of opera concerts, which were given for five consecutive seasons, at the Royal Albert Hall, with Mesdames Tietjens, Nilsson, &c., and the orchestra and chorus of her Majesty's opera. In 1875 he succeeded Sir Sterndale Bennett, as examining professor at Queen's College, in London. His overtures to "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" and "Love's Labour's Lost" have recently been published in full score, in Germany, and have been performed at the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, at the Gentlemen's Concerts, in Manchester, and elsewhere. His concerto has been played by Madame Arabella Goddard, at a Philharmonic Concert, in London, and on her tour in America. Mr. Cusins has composed an oratorio, "Gideon," which was produced at the Gloucester Festival in 1871, and given at St. James's Hall, London, the following year. He has also conducted a Royal Wedding Serenade (on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales), various marches, pianoforte pieces, part-songs, anthems, songs, &c., and is at present engaged in writing a "Te Deum" for voices and orchestra. By all whose opinions on musical subjects are of value, Mr. Cusins is esteemed as a musician of sterling qualities. His appointment as conductor of the Philharmonic Society was hailed with satisfaction by the whole body of the English musical profession, and he has proved himself fully qualified for his onerous post. His manner of conducting is entirely free from affectation, and from that odious self-assertion which characterises the deportment of certain foreign conductors; but he secures the confidence of his orchestra, and of the public, by his evident mastery of the scores which he directs, and by the clear, decided, intelligent, and sympathetic style in which he indicates to his co-adjutors the tempi and the varying shades of expression required in the interpretation of the orchestral works committed to his charge.

THE LATE DR. JOHN DORAN, PH. D., F.S.A.

DR. JOHN DORAN, whose recent death, after a brief and unexpected illness, has been so feelingly commented upon in the pages of the daily and weekly papers, was born in London in 1807, and was the descendant of an old Irish family from Drogheda, county Louth, Ireland, whose importance he used humorously to exemplify by stating that they were the first natives of that county who wore blue breeches. His early years were passed in France and Germany. When fifteen years of age his characteristic taste for literature and the stage found contemporaneous expression in the production of a drama called *The Wandering Jew*, which was produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1822. About this time he was employed as private tutor, and in that capacity entered several families of distinction. His first published book was the "History of the Borough and Castle of Reading," for which he was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Marbourg, in Prussia. This work was published in 1835. He then drifted from the scholastic into the journalistic profession, and remained connected with the *Literary Chronicle* until it passed into the hands of John Sterling. Subsequently he edited a weekly newspaper of a religious character, published in London, and continued to do so for eleven years. In 1854 he published his "Life of Dr. Young," and "Table Traits and Something in Them." In 1855 his "History and Antiquities of Reading" appeared, together with his "Filia Dolorosa" (which was commenced by Miss Romer, and left unfinished in consequence of her death), his "Habits and Men," and his "Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover." In 1856 his "Knights and their Days" appeared; in 1857 "Monarchs Retired from Business;" in 1858 the "History of Court Fools." In 1859 he published "New Pictures and Old Panels," and edited "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole." In 1860 he produced the "Lives of the Princes of Wales;" in 1861 "A Memoir of Queen Adelaide." One of his most popular works was "Their Majesties Servants," a brief history of the English stage pictorially treated. Dr. Doran was a contributor to numerous papers and magazines, editor of *Notes and Queries*, and for the last twenty-five years a worker on the staff of the *Athenæum*, which journal, describing his personal appearance and manners, says:—

"It is, at the same time, indicative of a characteristic of Doran's colloquial style, and of one result of his conversational achievements, that whilst some persons were astonished at the greatness of the age assigned to him by the obituary notices of the daily papers, others were no less surprised to discover that he was not older. Though he never affected to be younger than his years, Doran did not to the last strike casual observers, or even his ordinary acquaintance, as a veteran whose career had begun in the first decade of the present century. The whiteness of his hair would, indeed, have been appropriate to an octogenarian. But to the last his countenance, voice, and manner were those of a man in the middle stage of middle age. His smile had the freshness of a yet earlier period, and his whole bearing, as he delivered anecdote after anecdote to a group of listeners at a dinner-table, or in the corner of a crowded drawing-room, was so light and easy in its gaiety, that no stranger, seeing him for the first time in any of the earlier months of the last season, imagined how nearly he had approached the end of his seventieth year. On the other hand, those intimate friends to whom he used to pour forth his personal reminiscences of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were induced by the remoteness of the recollections to magnify his age in an amusing manner. . . . Doran's superabundant gaiety was never associated with any kind of recklessness; and in the performance of his several duties, more particularly in the fulfilment of his professional engagements, he exhibited the most anxious and delicate concern for the interests of others. Possibly it was to his advantage in this respect that the pen was not his only means of subsistence in his earlier manhood, when young professional authors pursued their calling under difficulties not easily imagined at the present time. For, though literature was a passion with him from his boyhood, he did not adopt it as the one serious business of his life until he had fairly entered middle age. . . . Nor should it be forgotten that, whilst he was remarkable as a critic for his knowledge of details, he was even more remarkable for considerateness towards the authors on whom he passed judgment. Perhaps no critic ever did his full duty to the public with so much tenderness towards writers. "You are not mistaken, my dear fellow, as to your facts," he once remarked in his kindest way to a young writer, "but don't hurt people needlessly with that strong pen of yours. When you come to be as old as I am, you will be sorry to remember that you have been guilty of needless cruelty to any one." The gentleness of this just speech was very characteristic of the man, and may help to account for the hold he had on the affections of his friends. The last thing penned by this true gentleman was a brief note of courteous apology for an oversight. Just before he was seized with the fatal illness this day fortnight, Doran wrote an assurance of his regret for having, in the *Athenæum* of the 5th ult., assumed that Dr. Stebbing was dead. Having thus made an end of writing, he went to his bed. His illness was not especially painful; and it is questionable whether he ever realised the urgency of his case, though, on the day before his last he remarked seriously, "Yes, I am nearing the great mystery."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON & SUBURBAN.—*Balsano*, the new piece written by Alexandre Dumas, for the Odeon Theatre, Paris, also *Les Bourgeois de Pontarcy*, by M. Sardou, and about to be produced at the Vaudeville in Paris, have been purchased by Mr. Samuel French, for great Britain and the United States. Mr. French has already sold both pieces or the latter country.—The Adelphi Company will open at the Park Theatre, on the 16th inst., with *Peep o' Day*. Miss Neilson's next Shakspearian impersonation will be Imogen.—Mr. Chatterton will open Drury Lane at Easter with a company now in process of formation.—Miss Eastlake, and Miss Fanny Josephs, will probably resume their parts in *Pink Dominoes*, to day (Saturday).—*New Men and Old Acres* is to take the place of *Victims*, at the Court Theatre.—*The Vicar*, a new comedy drama, by Messrs. Albery and Hatton is on the eve of completion.—A new play by Mr. Buchanan, called *The Flying Dutchman*, has been accepted at the Queen's.—Mr. Carl Rosa, has engaged Madame Fechter for the Adelphi opera season.—Mr. Charles Wyndham has resigned his post of dramatic director at the Crystal Palace.—Miss Harriet Coveney, we are glad to say, is once more amongst us, after her long illness, and her private benefit will take place on the 18th inst., Drury Lane Theatre, (by tickets).—Mr. Fred Payne is seriously ill.—A new Shakspearian foreign actor is in London seeking an engagement, Herr Maurice Neville, of whom report speaks highly.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by a numerous suite, honoured the Gaiety Theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening.—The Chinese Ambassador and suite patronised Sanger's Grand National Amphitheatre on Monday evening.—Albery and Cellier's *Spectre Knight* is in preparation at the Opera Comique.—Mr. Frank Marshall's new comedy at the Aquarium will be called *Family Honour*.—A dramatic parody on *Diplomacy*, from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, will shortly be produced at the Strand Theatre for a morning performance.—Miss Chambers is leaving the Alhambra.—The singing world is not so overstocked with good artists as to make it a matter for regret that any professor of singing should announce the advent of fresh aspirants for the concert-room or the lyric stage. Signor Fogelberg's concert at the Royal Academy Rooms on Saturday last was such an announcement, and we have much pleasure in congratulating him upon at least two of his pupils.—Madame Hodson and Mr. Vitton, whose singing in "O mio Fernando" (Donizetti) and "Sweet form, that on my dreamy gaze" (Wallace) respectively certainly predicted a bright future for this grand and powerful soprano, on the one hand, and the very promising and young tenor, on the other. The other members of the programme were ably rendered by Madame Barri, Miss Francis, Mr. George Power, Signor Vergara, and Mr. Scales. Signors Bisaccia and Tito Mattei were the solo pianists, and Signor Scuderi played an excellent violin solo.

PROVINCIAL.—The Queen's Theatre at Wigan, a wooden structure, was completely burnt down on Monday night, the fire being one of the most serious which has ever occurred in the dis-

trict. The performance concluded shortly after half-past ten, the place was locked up, and everybody had left; but about eleven o'clock flames were seen issuing from the roof of the building over the stage. When the firemen arrived the place was one mass of flames. It was found impossible to save the building, and efforts were mainly directed to prevent the flames extending to the surrounding property, and in this the fire brigade was successful.—On Monday next Miss Wallace commences her provincial tour at Aberdeen. Mr. W. G. Wills is writing a new piece for this accomplished actress.—Mr. Charles Majilton, at present a member of the company performing at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, advertises that a comic drama, in three acts, entitled *Round the Clock*, by Mr. J. F. M'Arde, is his sole and exclusive property, and that he shortly intends to produce it with a strong company, of which Mr. H. D. Burton will be the stage manager.

FOREIGN.—For the spring season at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, Nilsson and Trebelli will be the reigning stars. The *World* says their joint salaries will be £315 per night.—M. Lecocq's new comic opera, *The Petit Duc*, written by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, has been well received at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris.—*Le Courrier de Lyon* has been once more revived in Paris at the Ambigu with its old popularity.—Herr Wagner's *Rheingold* has been produced at the Court Opera, Vienna, and the Burg Theater has placed upon its boards Gutzkow's old comedy, *Der Königsleutnant*.—At the Stadt Theatre (Vienna) an adaptation of M. Hennequin's *Poudre d'Escampette*, called *Durchgebrannt*, has been very successful. A new comedy-farce called *The Corporal*, by Herr Karl Costa, has also been flatteringly received at the Theater un der Wien.—At the Dal Verme Theatre, Milan, Pabrella's opera, *Jone*, has been fairly well received.—A new play, by the Norwegian poet, Ibsen, has been announced.—The success of Madame Trebelli at Stockholm has been very great. She was recalled eleven times.—On the occasion of Karl von Holtei completing his eightieth year, most of the German theatres celebrated the event by the production of his plays.—Mr. M'Wade has brought an action against Mr. Boucicault for libel.—M. Allen Despréaux died at Cannes last week.—From Italy we hear of the death of Signor Carlo de Blasis, once famous throughout Europe as an operatic ballet master. He was the author of a well-known work on stage dancing, and brother of Signora Virginia Blasis, the *prima donna*.—Miss Lily Davenport (Vining) died, on 13th ult., at Philadelphia.—The New Royal Theatre at Dresden was opened on the 5th inst.—*The Celebrated Cause* has been produced in New York at the Union Square Theatre by Messrs. Shook and Palmer.—At Wallack's Theatre in the same city, Robertson's *School* has been brought forward with a strong cast, and at the Broadway Theatre Mr. Dawpur has taken the place of Mr. Fechter, for which occasion *The Lyons Mail*, has been prepared.—At Boston (U. S. A.), "The Folly Company," composed of those of Miss Thompson's Company, whom she left in America, has been playing with a fair share of success.—George Fawcett Rowe is about to sue Rose Eyttinge for 500 dols. royalty, for playing the *Genevieve*.—John McCullough has bought *The Exiles* for San Francisco from Tompkins and Hill of the Boston Theatre. It is also reported that Kennedy, of the Grand Opera House in San Francisco, is getting the same play ready without having bought it.—*Une Cause Célèbre*: this piece was brought out this week by Messrs. Shook and Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, New York. I have had a cable despatch to the effect that it has made a splendid success.—

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN IN IRELAND.

WE have been favoured with a copy of the *Derry Journal*, from which we are enabled to quote the speech which Mr. Barry Sullivan made in reply to an address presented to him on the stage of the Royal Opera House—as reported in the last impression of this journal—by Sir William Miller, on behalf of the citizens of Londonderry. Mr. Sullivan spoke as follows:—
"Sir William Miller and Gentlemen,—I accept your eloquent but too flattering address, with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. The labours of the evening have been somewhat physically exhausting, but your kindness has banished all feeling of fatigue; and the great honour you have conferred upon me, in presenting me with this much esteemed address, adds another link to the chain of love and gratitude which already bound my heart to the dear old land. (Applause) That I have won the approval and friendship of the citizens of Derry is deeply gratifying to me, and I am proud to acknowledge that I have received from the North of Ireland honours and receptions which, for whole-hearted enthusiasm, could not possibly be exceeded, and for which I shall ever remain its grateful debtor. To you, Sir William Miller, and gentlemen, and to the people of Derry generally, I return my heart's best thanks. I sincerely reciprocate all your good wishes; and praying that peace, prosperity, and happiness may shower their blessings on you, I bid 'a kind good night to all.'"
(Loud and prolonged applause.)

THE *Europe Diplomatique*, describing the hunt at Hamilton Park, says:—"At Hamilton Park, which belongs to the Prince of Wales, a hunt took place, in which the Crown Prince of Austria, Prince Louis Napoleon, and a part of the English Court took part. On the eve, the Sabbatarian Society petitioned the Prince of Wales to have the hunt adjourned to any day other than the Lord's day; but His Royal Highness sent a letter to the effect that, as his guests would remain within the park, which is enclosed, they would not disturb the repose of the inhabitants of the village of Hamilton." We must go abroad to hear home news, it seems.

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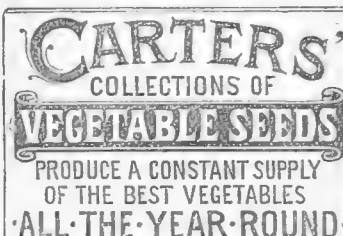
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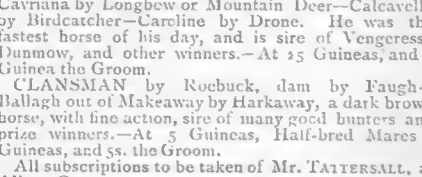
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

J. C. WALLACE (Georgetown, Colorado).—Our Boys is not printed. It is
kept in MS. form, in order to retain the acting right both in England and
America.

BARNES.—1. Astley's Amphitheatre was burnt down in 1780, and again in
1794. 2. Hughes had Sadler's Wells in 1785 or thereabouts. 3. Astley was
the founder of the Amphitheatre in the Westminster-road. He was
originally a soldier who served under General Elliott, and obtained his
discharge about 1778. His history would, as you fancy, be a very
diverting one.

J. E.—The Scourers was published in 1720, was written by Shadwell, and
has been several times pointed out as the real source of Pierce Egan's
Tom and Jerry, or Life in London. (See our Memoir of the Late George
Cruikshank.) Pierce Egan's son, and namesake, is still alive.

THE CACKLER.—Mr. Widdicombe, whose singularly long life won him the
title of "the immortal Widdicombe," succeeded the famous Simpson,
as Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall, but did not long retain the
post.

GOLDEN VIOLET.—Mr. H. G. Neville was born at Manchester on the 20th of
June, 1837, and made his first appearance as a professional actor, in 1852,
at Preston; in what character we do not know.

E. CLIFTON.—Captain Polhill was Lessee of Drury Lane and Covent
Garden Theatres at one and the same time.

CAT STEVENS.—The Successor of the Colmans at the Haymarket
Theatre was Mr. Morris. He has been described as "a hater of half-
price, who detested gas, and delighted in the vapour of wax lights."

THE EDITOR.—The only Comedian's Club called "The Strangers at
Home," of which we have any knowledge, is that mentioned in Bernard's
"Retrospections." This was established in London in the winter of
1789-90, and was founded by Bernard, Blanchard, Inledon, Kelly,
Dignum, and Sedgwick, at the Garrick's Head, in Bow-street. It
numbered amongst its members most of the leading actors and singers of
the day, including Sheridan and Bannister.

G. HOWE.—The Haymarket Theatre was under the management of Mr.
Buckstone in 1853.

W. M.—We only know that Mdlle. Beatrice made her first appearance
in London at the Haymarket Theatre, on the third of October, 1864.

FIRST VIOLIN.—The grandfather of Macready was a very prosperous and
respectable cabinet maker in Dublin, and his father was an actor, who,
having made some reputation at Covent Garden Theatre, became a
successful provincial manager. 2. We have heard him spoken of as a
thoroughly respected, if somewhat eccentric and haughty, man, by several
old ladies and gentlemen of our acquaintance, who were once members of
his company. 3. He gave his son a thoroughly good classical education,
and was very proud of his acquirements. Young Macready was very pre-
cocious, and at the age of ten is said to have been sufficiently *Latinised* to
undergo some whimsical holiday examinations by his doating father, who,
according to one authority, had, like Bob Acres, a method of asseveration
peculiar to himself, whether or not caused by reminiscences of his paternal
workshop, we cannot say; but the worthy, though irritable, old gentleman
generally swore "by his mahogany," etc., as he dashed his knuckles on a
well-polished dining table; or if any business was to be finally settled,
his phrase was, "I'll have it down on the mahogany." This manager
wished to be enlightened by the learning of the embryo tragedian;

and, during one of the boy's holiday visits, suddenly commanded
him to translate into good latin "the word he swore by." This
was rather a poser for the young student. "Come, William,
my darling, come now, let me have the Latin for mahogany directly." The
cunning urchin thought for a moment, as he whimsically repeated, in
his father's admirable brogue, "Ma-hog-and-I, did you say, sir?" and
then suddenly exclaimed, "I have it, sir! I have it, yes, sure; this is it:
"Meus porius et ego!" "Good boy, good boy!" cried the delighted
father, as he patted the youthful cheek of the precocious linguist, who,
blushing, owned that he was, in fact, rather a "free translation." "Free!"
cried the honest old Hibernian, "and why the devil shouldn't you be free
with the Latin tongue? Sure you ought, William, now, for haven't you
been learning it these four years?"

NOVICS (Manchester).—We know no books beyond the ordinary works on
elocution from which you could obtain assistance. Join some good club
of clever amateurs.

V.—Hearf's Delight, by Andrew Halliday, was produced at the Globe,
December 17th, 1873.

W. C.—Tricks of the Turf was produced at the Victoria Theatre on May
13th, 1875.

S. G. W.—A play called *Lost Em'ly*, by Murray Wood, produced on
March 8th, 1873.

W. DAVIS.—*Little Em'ly* was produced at the Olympic some years since.
We will endeavour to ascertain the exact date.

MUSICAL.

ROLAND.—The "Marseillaise" was written by Rouget de l'Isle, who was
for many years believed to be the composer of the melody, but it has long
since been established by French and other savants, that the song was
written to an old German popular air, probably learned by
Rouget de l'Isle during his residence in Alsace.

J. C. W.—The kind of voice to which you refer may be styled, indifferently,
"alto" or "counter-tenor." The latter designation is a corruption of
"contra-tenor."

R. PHILLIPS.—Pianofortes fitted with sets of pedals for organ practice may
be obtained of most of the leading manufacturing houses, whose names
will be found in our advertising columns.

J. R.—You would probably find it cheaper, and in many other ways more
advantageous, to purchase or hire a good Harmonium or American
Organ.

ELLEN JANE.—We believe that the celebrated tenor's age is much "nearer
60 than 50."

J. B.—"Nancy Free," the popular parody on "Nancy Lee," is said to be
written by Geoffrey Thorne. This is the *nom de plume* of a well known
London journalist.

JOSEPH E.—Offenbach's opera bouffe, *Geneviève de Brabant*, is in three
acts.

QUIN.—Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*, has never yet been
produced on the stage in England, but, we believe, has been so produced
in America. It was announced for performance at the St. James's
Theatre, seven or eight years back, by the National Opera Company,
with Miss Rose Hersee as the May Queen, but the publishers prevented
the performance, because it came in the last week of the season.

SPORTING.

OUTSIDER.—The story belongs to the old days of buckskin breeches and
mahogany tops, when such things were tolerated. We dare not re-print
it, "good" as it is.

CALMAC.—The famous Glenmoriston, or Invermoriston deer-hound kennels
were founded by Mr. James Grant, the descendant of an ancient High-
land family, and commenced with a celebrated bitch, formerly the
property of Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, of Applecross. They were wonderful
dogs.

HENRY REID.—Mr. John Trueman Villebois, of Candover, was well known
in connection with the Hampshire hounds. He was the son of Mr.
William Villebois, and the descendant of a French family, who settled in
Ireland. He was also a great grandson of the famous London brewer,
Truman, who founded the firm of Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEVAL DE FRISE.—1. The ancient Frisians elected seven judges, who
were the executive authorities of the Republic, one for each of the seven
"Sea Lands" or separate states, the constitution providing that in the
event of one such sea-land becoming "unbuxome," then the six should
rule the seventh, "so that all may fare rightly." These judges directed
the affairs of the Republic during the intervals between the sessions and
the vacations of the Upstallboom Parliament, of which some few records
are still in existence. The ancient constitution had been representative
from time immemorial. The districts, or Shires of Friesland, composing
the seven "sea-lands" were about a score. For their defence it was
provided that, to quote one of the seven articles of this antique constitu-
tion, "if any one of the seven sea-lands is attacked either by the southern
Saxons or by the Northern, then shall the six come to the help of the seventh,
so that all may fare rightly." The foundation of these institutions was
anciently attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne, in the year 800. The
seventh article of the constitution provided that every Frisian man should
of right claim always "free speech, and free answer, and a free judgment
seat." Every Frisian was, however, legally bound to repair and preserve
"the sea wall which encircles the land like a golden hoop," with three
tools: namely "with the spade, and with the fork, and with the hod," and
to defend it against foes, "with the point of the lance, and the edge of the
sword, and the brown coat of mail." 2. Friesland passed to the Counts
of Holland about 936, was subject to the King of Prussia in 1774, and was
annexed to Holland by Bonaparte in 1806, before it passed to the French
Empire.

W. C. 1. Mr. Wilkie Collins is the son of the late William Collins, R.A.
His grandfather was an Irishman from Wicklow, and his grandmother a
Scotchwoman, but the family originally came from Chichester. One of
his ancestors was the celebrated seventeenth century anatomist, Dr.
Samuel Collins. 2. Would require more space than we can at present
spare.

N. STOODLEY.—You will find most of your queries answered in our article
on the late George Cruikshank. With regard to the last one, the refer-
ence is to the *Kunstler Lexicon*, by Nagler, in which under the letter P
appeared, "Pure (Simon), the real name of the celebrated caricaturist,
George Cruikshank." From the explanation which was given when the
error became known, it appeared that an article in some English period-
ical, discussing the relative merits of Isaac Robert Cruikshank, who died
of bronchitis in 1856, and his younger brother George Cruikshank, spoke
of George as "the real Simon Pure."

1. The Earl of Beaconsfield was born in 1805. 2. His grandfather, Benjamin,
was the first of the family who came to England. As a youth he
attracted the notice of Samuel Rogers, the poet, who used to visit his
father, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature" at Hackney, and
was instrumental in converting him to Christianity.

W. W.—In a speech made by Lord Palmerston, on the 11th of June, 1829,
he said:—"The ground upon which my Right Honourable friend, the
Secretary of State for the Home Department, (Mr. Peel) has defended
the doing of all that has been done, and the not doing of all
that has been omitted, is the principle of non-interference;
that is to say the principle that every nation has a right to manage its
own internal affairs as it pleases, so long as it injures not its neighbours;
and that no one nation has a right to control by force of arms the will of
another nation in the choice of its government or ruler. To this principle
I most cordially assent. It is sound, it ought to be sacred, and I trust
that England will never be found to set the example of its violation." In
this remark, we think you have the best possible answer to your question.

OCHE.—1. Many of the ancient Egyptian obelisks were carried away for
the adornment of Rome by the ancient Romans. 2. The French obelisk
from Egypt was raised to its granite pedestal in Paris, up an inclined
plane rising gradually from the level of the river Seine to the height of a
platform of rough masonry on a line with the top of the prepared pedestal,
by the aid of a strong timber car. Huge masts were rigged with ropes
and pulleys to raise it to a perpendicular position, and with these aids it
was elevated within three hours. 3. No—another Egyptian obelisk was
brought to this country from the island of Philae by Belzoni, and set up
at Kingston Hall, in Dorsetshire. That is a monolith of red Egyptian
granite, standing about 22 feet high and having a base 2 feet 2 inches
square.

A REGULAR READER.—We could not open a controversy on a political
subject, and the only reply we can give you may take the form of a quota-
tion, "why should Murder Murder propagate?"

E. A. R. C.—The Marquis of Sligo took a violent fancy to some sailors,
belonging to Her Majesty's ship, Warrior, and H. M. S. Montagu, for his
own vessel, and making them drunk, had them conveyed on board. Find-
ing the search after them very keen, he became frightened, and abandoned
them ashore without money, at Patmos, where they suffered terribly from
want. The Marquis was tried at the Old Bailey on the 16th of December,
1812, before Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell), Lord Ellen-
borough, and Mr. Baron Thompson. The jury found him guilty, and he
was sentenced to pay a fine of £5,000, and to be imprisoned four months
in Newgate.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

THE "noble art of self-defence," as illustrated by dis-
tinguished members of the P. R. in times not so very long
gone by, may be considered to have received its final
knock-down blow some twenty years ago, from which it

has never recovered, and fortunately stands but little
chance of revival in an era when, if not "wiser than our
sires," we are at least less open to the accusation of
encouraging displays of pure brutality. We have lately
been treated, in the pages of more than one of our
sporting contemporaries, to reprints from the leading
journal of the P. R., of the most famous, or infamous, of
these encounters, of which there are still some left among
us to regret the cessation, including a few "Corinthians"
of the old school, and of course a large number of that
class of sporting society which chiefly benefited by these
disgusting exhibitions. We think that a deal of good has
been done, perhaps unconsciously, by raking up and
setting before the public accounts of these great fistic
encounters. As the ancient Greeks exhibited drunken
slaves to the youth of their country, in order the more
forcibly to illustrate the fullness of this offence against
good morals; so by placing before the eyes of the present
generation, in all their naked hideousness, the scenes in
which we should now blush to take part, the shortcomings
of this branch of so-called sport stands revealed, and many
Corinthians who took part as spectators only in the
modern gladiatorial arena, may be led to look back with
disgust upon the encouragement by their order of such
wretched spectacles. Reading some of these republished
sketches, we are at a loss to discover what amusement
most of their so-called "patrons" could have found in
witnessing exhibitions of the "fancy," save and except the
fact of assisting at a breach of the peace. Among school-
boys, as all of us are well aware, he is apt to be reckoned
the most dashing youngster, whose aim and object is to
disregard all laws or ordinances of his superiors; but it is
sad to see this depraved taste adhered to in maturer
years, and still more so when it continues to influence the
actions of persons, as the saying goes, "old enough to
know better." So far, therefore, from placing these
resuscitated records of brutality beyond the reach of the
youth of the period, we should specially commend them to
the study of the rising generation, as illustrating phases
of sport in which nobles and gentles were content to take
part so late as the middle of the nineteenth century.
Looking back in calm soberness to scenes in the Ring
then enacted, we are able to perceive how infinitely
lower than any imaginable pursuit of the present day was
the institution which has at length been consigned to the
limbo of "atrocities," as it had long been to that of "im-
proprieties." It was, of course, the associations of the P. R.
which dragged it down from comparative favour and
popularity to the depths of degradation it has now
attained; another proof, if any were necessary, that sport
of any kind, to hold its own worthily and well, must
continue to depend for its development upon the acknow-
ledgment of its merits, and constant supervision and
control by a respectable section of society. Unhappily,
the tendency of sport is constantly downwards, and it
requires continued efforts on the part of its well-wishers
to keep its head above those dark waters which are ready
to engulf it, and finally to overwhelm it. There is no
occasion to point out or trace the gradual decadence of
the really "noble art of self-defence," from the high places
it once occupied to the pothouse parlour in which it finally
found a not uncongenial home. A mere glance at the
records given of preliminaries to a "Championship" fight,
indicates the classes mainly instrumental in sustaining it.
Low publicans, vagabond Jews, and the scum of the
London slums, were the sources from whence were
derived its very existence. Despite the magniloquent
vaunts of its professors, that it encouraged and upheld a
manly science, it soon came to be felt that this high-
sounding title was merely prostituted for the sake of a
plausible "cry;" and that any good which might by
chance result from the training and self-denial necessary
to render a man fit to meet his opponent within the ropes,
was utterly and entirely undone by the surroundings of
the fight itself, the policy of "win, tie, or wrangle," which
generally characterized both parties, and the presence at
the Ring-side of a crew composed of the lowest and most
abandoned specimens of the London rough.

We are glad to see that certain attempts recently made
to re-introduce the thin edge of the P.R. wedge in the
shape of "glove fights" have met with their proper fate
at the hands of the authorities, and that a growing
scandal has once more been nipped in the bud. It was
evident that things might easily have gone from bad to
worse, had not a timely stop been put to so-called "glove"
exhibitions, which induced the attendance of former
prize-ring frequenters in all their native repulsiveness.
And we have been further incited to the above remarks
by recent accounts of a prize fight in Ireland, the pro-
motors of which seem to have founded their proceedings
on the model of those formerly carried out in this country.
It is almost incredible that such an exhibition should have
taken place at all; and would be impossible in any place
except that "unhappy country," where "rows" are the
order of the day, and pugnacity its ruling characteristic.
It is in the highest degree desirable that any attempts
to revive a scandal and abuse we have so lately got rid of
should be scotched forthwith, if they cannot be killed
outright; and it is no excuse, because boxing has become
fashionable to a certain extent in fashionable circles, that
its wretched counterfeit should be allowed to fright us
from our propriety among the dregs of society. Amateur
boxers do not take their cue from the defunct P.R.; on
the contrary, the latter institution had its origin in a
depraved imitation of fistic science; and it might be
argued, with an equal show of reason, that if fencing is
permitted in ducal society, naked swords should not be
withheld from the grasp of gladiators of the lower classes.

As to legitimate displays of boxing, now so common in
almost every programme of athletic institutions, we have
reason to thank both those who first suggested them and
those who are their exponents, for having once more raised
the "noble art" from its baser associations, and for
having shown that a really useful science can be taught
and practised without in any way infringing the laws of
order or decency. We hail the attempt to place it upon
a satisfactory footing, and though many deemed it impos-
sible to rescue, and, as it were, to rehabilitate boxing, yet
the experiment has been beyond doubt a successful one.

and we see no reason why it should not form part of the curriculum of every would-be athlete. We have no desire to encourage fighting at schools as it used to be in rougher times, but we do think that a little more of it than is at present considered satisfactory or politic would be desirable, and perhaps, if our boys were all encouraged to initiate themselves in the "noble art," there would be actually less real fighting than at present.

But there is a moral to be drawn from this downfall of the P.R. and revival of boxing, to which we have hereinbefore made allusion; which is, that to keep any sport or pastime clear and above suspicion, it must be taken in hand and fostered by those interested only in its good name and spotless reputation. All low imitations and travesties got up and encouraged by persons seeking only throat to reap pecuniary advantage, should be discouraged and put down with a high hand; and this remark applies to many another recreation besides boxing, which we have only instanced because it has formed the subject of our remarks this week. Finally, we have to thank our contemporaries for adorning the tale from which we have been content to print a moral; for no civilised being can, we are sure, rise from the perusal of these chronicles of brutality without thanking the disciples of law and order that such things are no more.

JOHN CARROLL'S CROPPER.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

(Concluded from page 491.)

I SLEPT very badly that night, and the breakfast next morning—Christmas Eve—was anything but a cheerful one, in spite of the exuberant spirits of Fred and Cousin Joe. The old lady was very kind and attentive to me, increasing her cares, as she saw that Isabel was cold and distant, never once letting her eyes meet mine, though I could not help noticing that she seemed in great trouble, and that when Cousin Joe spoke to her, she answered him in a cold, constrained manner, that seemed to betoken anything but an engagement between them.

"There," I said to myself, as we rose from breakfast, "I'll stay and face it out. I can't help it if the girl takes my proposal as an insult. I'm not the first fool who has been jilted, by many a thousand."

As it happened, we were soon left alone; and after a minute's thought, I advanced, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lane, but as I am going to be your brother's guest for another week, may I ask that we should be friends?"

"I shall always try to treat my brother's friends with respect, Mr. Carroll," she said, huskily; and then turning away, she left the room.

"Now Jack," shouted Fred, "be ready in half an hour, when the horses will be round. Will you ride the grey roan?"

"I'll ride any quiet horse," I said. "I am no rough-rider though."

"Oh, the grey roan's as quiet as an old sheep," said Fred cheerily; "no more vice in him, than in a sago pudding. The ground's beautiful, but rather soft. We'll go over to the common and have a gallop on the turf."

"As you like," I said, gloomily; and after getting on my boots, I went down and waited till the horses' hoofs were heard crunching the gravel, when, glancing up, to my great surprise, I saw that one bore a side saddle, and at the same moment I turned, and saw Isabel enter, with her dark blue riding habit fitting her to perfection, and her neat little hat, looking bewitching over her sweet pale face.

"I shall have to go," I thought to myself, as my heart began to beat wildly, and on Fred's cheery voice being heard in the hall, I followed the graceful girl hastily, and on standing outside, I proffered my hand to help her to her seat.

"Thank you; Mr. Rumble is used to helping me to mount," was the cold reply; and I had to stand and gnaw my lip, while Cousin Joe swaggered up, beating his tops with his hunting crop, and then see a pretty little foot, that I would have given the world to kiss, placed in his hands, as Isabel was lifted easily into the saddle, and her fingers were pressed as the reins were placed in them.

"Come, Jack: into the pigskin," cried Fred, who was already mounted on a great hunter, all bone and sinew, for he rode seventeen stone.

Cousin Joe leaped into his seat as he spoke, and turning as I laid my hand on my horse's mane and raised my left foot, he called out, sneeringly:

"Other foot first, sir."

Influenced by the command, I put down my left and had half raised my right, before I recovered myself, when, amidst the roar of laughter of Fred, and the sniggering of the groom, I leaped angrily into the saddle, with the result that the grey roan laid back its ears, gave a kick, and then reared up and pawed the air, as if it would fall back on me, while Isabel looked as pale, as Cousin Joe, who was by her, looked malevolent, when they turned to look on.

"Why, what's the matter with the beast?" said Fred, angrily. "Here, jump down."

"Yes," said Cousin Joe, with a sneer; "I don't think you will be safe there."

My answer was to fix my hat on a little more tightly, ram my knees into the restive brute's sides, and to strike him sharply across the head with my whip.

The effect of this was to bring the horse down on all fours, when, snorting and bucking furiously, it headed down across the lawn, rushed the wire fence, and went on at full gallop, increasing its pace at every stride.

I am not a good rider, and get but little practice, and for the first few moments, my desire, on finding how the horse that was as quiet as a sheep behaved, was to throw myself off.

"And let Cousin Joe laugh at me for a Cockney!" I said, through my set teeth. "No, that I won't. He shall throw me; I won't throw myself."

All this while I was sitting well back, with my feet thrust right into my stirrups, so as to bring all the muscles of my legs into play, and dragging at the reins with all my might; and we had gone across the first field, and over a hedge, before, in my excitement, I found that I was dragging at the snaffle. I fared no better, though, with the curb, for it was like pulling at the post of a gate as we went away with the wind whistling by my ears in a manner that made my blood dance with excitement.

I heard a faint shout behind, and caught sight of Fred, Isabel, and Cousin Joe in full pursuit, and then my attention was taken up by a stiff fence in front.

"Down I go here," I muttered. "How many bones will be broken?"

Not one: for the grey went over the hedge like a swallow, and to my great surprise I had not lost my seat as we alighted on the other side, and then went away faster than ever.

It has always been a puzzle to me since as to how long that

run lasted, for the finish so thoroughly knocked the senses out of my head that I have never been able to make it out clearly, and have set it down as about twenty minutes, over fallow, plough piece, and turnips, sending the sheep scattering in all directions; and then I remember making a leap and a dash into a long piece of sward, down which we went at a tremendous rate towards the thick hedge at the bottom.

I had just time to see that there was a lane there, and two hedges to leap, when we were over into the road, and the grey gathered himself up to take the second hedge, climbing up a bank first, and then falling back, and I seemed to be crushed into utter darkness.

The next thing I remember is opening my eyes, and hearing noises about me. Everything was misty and dull, and I felt annoyed because some one kept pulling me about, when I wanted to go to sleep.

Then there was more mistiness, and more sleep; and then I awoke to find a pleasant grey-headed man leaning over me, and feeling my pulse.

"Grey-headed," I said, feebly; "grey—where's the grey?"

"You must ask your friend that," was the reply. "I think he'll do, now, Mr. Lane; but it has been a narrow touch."

"Fred," I said, feebly, "what's it all about?" For my old schoolfellow was leaning over the bed.

"The grey bolted with you, and fell at a hedge in Chumley Lane. He rolled back over you, and you've been a bit bruised."

"And broken, eh?" I said, smiling, for I could see that my arm was damaged, while I could not stir.

"Well, yes," said the doctor, "but keep quiet, and you'll soon come round."

The next day, when I awoke, Isabel was sitting by me, and I watched her sweet, pale face for some time before she saw that I was awake, when she coloured slightly, but put down her book.

"What is to-day, Miss Lane?" I said.

"Thursday, Mr. Carroll," was the reply.

"Thursday—then it's Christmas Day," I said.

"No," she replied, with a grave shake of the head, "last Thursday was Christmas Day."

"And I've lain here ever since Christmas Eve, a burden to you all? What a Christmas!"

"Mamma and Fred are only too glad to be of service to you, Mr. Carroll, for it was a cruel trick."

"Trick?" I said, "trick?"

"Did you not know that Cous—Mr. Rumble, bribed the groom to put something under your saddle?"

"No," I said, bitterly, "but I thought it very strange. Some men are mean."

"Fred horse-whipped him for it," said Isabel, colouring.

"What!" I said, faintly, "the groom?"

"No—Mr. Rumble. He discharged the groom directly."

"And the horse?"

"The poor grey broke its leg, and had to be killed."

"Thank you," I said feebly, for my head was beginning to swim round. "I cannot bear any more to-day."

"Oh, he is fainting," I heard her say; and I had a sensation as of soft hands applying cold water to my head, before I went off, and on coming to, found Mrs. Lane and Fred at my side.

The next day I felt much better, and awoke to see Isabel looking thin and worn, so different to what she was when I first came down; when Fred entered the room.

"Ah, Jack, I'm glad to see you awake. Look here: you never told me you were married. I have been telegraphing and writing all over London to find your wife to come down to you, but without success."

"Why, my dear fellow," I said, in a weak whisper of a voice, "you might telegraph all over the world, and you would not find her."

"What," he said softly, "is she dead?"

"She's neither dead nor alive," I said, pettishly. "I haven't got a wife. Never had one—and never mean to have one."

He stared at me for a few moments, and then going to the chimney-piece, took a letter from a rack, and held it to me.

"Was that from your wife, Jack?" he said.

"My wife! nonsense!" I said. "I tell you I'm not married. I never saw the letter before in my life."

"Why, Cousin Joe said he saw you drop it, and gave it to Bel there."

"I never saw the letter before, and I have no wife," I said, testily, for his talk made my head ache.

"Honour, Jack?"

"Fred, old man," I said, wearily, "did you ever know me tell a lie?"

A warm grasp was the answer, as Fred turned round sharply to his sister:

"Bel," he cried, "this is another of Joe Rumble's cursed tricks, and I'll make him answer for it before night."

He flung out of the room, and as the door closed, and in my misty way I was beginning to make out what it all meant, I heard a violent burst of sobbing, and saw Isabel kneeling before a chair, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Miss Lane," I said, at last.

No answer but sobs.

"Isabel."

Another burst of sobs.

"Did you think me such a scoundrel, then," I said feebly, "when—when I spoke to you that night?"

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she sobbed, as she rose and threw herself upon her knees by the bed, to hide her face on my hand.

"Forgive you?" I said.

"Oh, yes," she sobbed; "forgive me for believing that wicked lie."

"I could not understand it," I said, feebly, as I tried to raise my other arm, but it was broken.

"It was my silly mad folly, John. Jack—dear Jack, for I do, —I do love you with all my heart."

I did not answer. I could not. Neither could I, when in an agony of self-reproach, she cried out:

"Oh, I have killed him! I have killed him! What shall I do!"

My eyes told her the next moment that she was wrong; and my sound arm had just sufficient strength to place itself round her dear neck, and to draw her far from unwilling lips to mine.

"And you do love me then, little one?" I whispered at last.

"Oh, Jack, I have always loved you, since first we met. But—but—you don't mean those dreadful words you said?"

"What were they, my darling?" I said; and then to myself "Oh! for two arms instead of one."

"That—that—that you would never have a wife. Oh, what am I saying!"

She hid her burning face in my breast as she spoke, and just then there was a loud cough, and Isabel started up as Fred entered, with a big bunch of mistletoe in his hand.

"Very glad you are so much better, Jack," he said. "I came in a few minutes ago, and from what I saw I went to fetch this."

"Too late for us, Fred," I said, holding Isabel's little hand to my cheek. "It's settled, and your sister has promised to be my little wife."

"And a good thing too," he said, his face extending into a

hearty grin. "I say, Jack, I thought if you saw Bel you would come a cropper."

And so I did, in both senses of the word; and somehow, as I grew strong, my heart was so full of love and goodfellowship to all men, that so long as he kept out of my way, I was quite ready to pardon Cousin Joe.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER and Co., 84, New Bond-street.—"Joseph," price 4s., oratorio composed by G. A. Macfarren. The mysteries of publishing are truly wonderful. The handsome volume before us, containing in its 253 pages the complete pianoforte score of a great work by the greatest of living English composers, is published at the price of an ordinary drawing-room ballad, or a set of quadrilles! It is only by means of a large sale that the enterprise of the publishers can be rewarded, and there can be little doubt that this well engraved and well edited copy of "Joseph" will be found in the library of every amateur. Little more than four months have elapsed since the work was produced at the Leeds Musical Festival, and it has since been performed, December 11, 1877, by the Albert Hall Choral Society. Its characteristics are tolerably well-known. The pathetic scriptural story is illustrated with a variety of treatment, and a command of resources, which secure many striking and happy results. The pianoforte arrangement, which has been prepared by the composer's son-in-law, Mr. F. W. Davenport, gives good general ideas of the orchestration, and the original score has been so skilfully "thinned," that the leading effects are fairly embodied. Without repeating critical remarks on the music, which has already been copiously analysed in our columns when first heard in London, we may content ourselves with saying that Mr. Macfarren's "Joseph," if second to his own "John the Baptist," is a work of which any composer might be proud; and that this beautiful edition is a marvellous boon to lovers of high class music.

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street.—"The Fire King," price 5s., dramatic cantata, libretto by Ibaud Hargreaves, music by Walter Austin. It will be remembered that this cantata was one of the novelties produced at the last Leeds Festival. From the dramatic nature of the work, the music can hardly receive due appreciation apart from the descriptive orchestration; but the pianoforte score affords a good general idea of the orchestral accompaniments, and this edition, engraved and produced in Messrs. Metzler and Co's best style, will be welcomed by choral societies. The libretto is founded on Sir Walter Scott's ballad, "The Fire King," and affords opportunities for the introduction of varied styles of music. Mr. Austin has been guided by true instincts in almost all cases, but he would probably have been more successful had he been less ambitious. In the simpler forms of melody he succeeds best, as in the tenor song, "The past is but a troubled dream," the leading theme of the contralto song, "What do honeyed words avail?" and portions of the choral music. He taxes the singers severely, and has yet to learn the art of adapting melodies to the qualities of different voices, with only rare demands on their exceptional characteristics. A soprano may be able to sing B flat with ease, but may find it fatiguing to keep on singing upon F, G, and A. Mr. Austin has evidently set to work earnestly and conscientiously, and in spite of the disadvantage of a singularly ill-written libretto, he has shown qualities and instincts which encourage new hopes of his future.

E. W. ALLEN, II, Ave Maria Lane, E.C. "The Sequential System of Musical Notation," by W. A. B. Lunn, price 6d. This new edition of a work first published in the year 1843 (under the *nom de plume* of "Arthur Wallbridge"), claims attention as the effort of a thoughtful and able musician. Any one who can point out a practicable means of simplifying the study of music must be hailed as a social benefactor, and Mr. Lunn has unquestionably elaborated a musical method which is simpler and more logical than that now in use. He does away with "sharps and flats," and instead of seven diatonic and five chromatic notes, his octave is composed of twelve notes, equal to each other in value. Crotchets, quavers, &c., &c., are abolished, and "durations" take their places, while "rests" of all kinds are replaced by "silences." Of course a new terminology is necessarily supplied, as well as notes utterly unlike those at present used in printed or written music. Here we are at once confronted with a fatal difficulty, akin to that which interfered with the sale of the "Fonetik Nuz." What is to become of our present collections of music, if the present notation is to be discarded by future generations? Seeing that, even under the admitted defects of existing systems, music is learned with reasonable facility by people in all classes of society, is it worth while to render our stores of music worthless for the sake of introducing a new system which, although more logical, is not free from difficulties of its own? Mr. Lunn is not likely to make many practical converts, but his treatise is so full of interesting matter that we heartily recommend it to amateurs, as well worthy of their perusal.

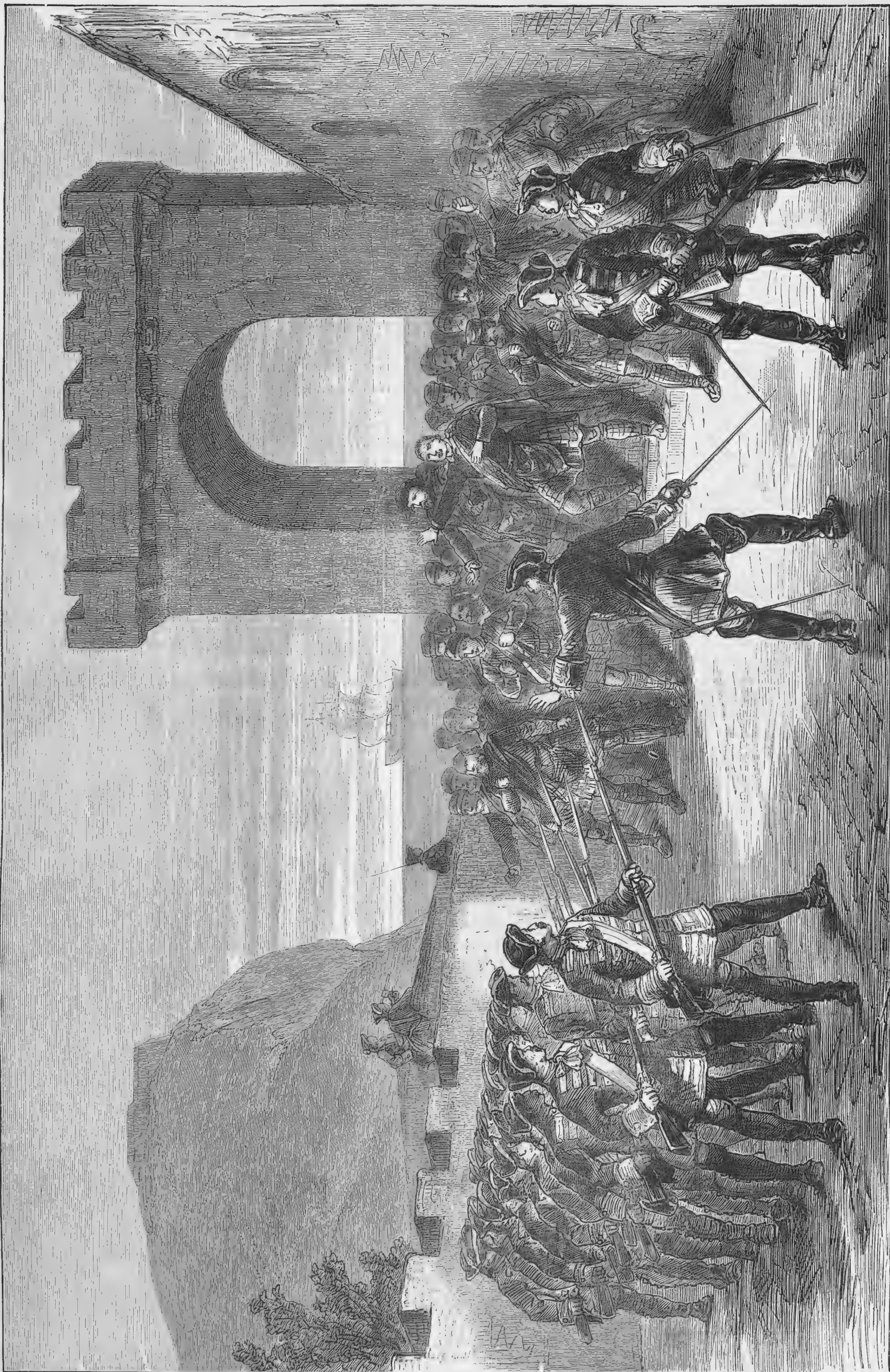
CENTRAL LONDON RIFLE RANGERS.—On Saturday evening Lord Stratheden and Campbell, honorary colonel of the Central London Rifle Rangers (40th Middlesex), presented the prizes won at rifle shooting during the past year to the successful competitors in the benchers' hall of Gray's-inn, in the presence of a crowded assembly.

"OUIDA'S" PLEA FOR THE DOGS.—The striking article entitled "Dogs: A Plea on their Behalf," written by "Ouida" for the *Whitehall Review*, to which journal the famous novelist is an occasional contributor, has been reprinted from the pages of our popular contemporary, and, in pamphlet form, is being circulated gratuitously. The author of "Puck" suggests that "clear, simple, and brief directions for the health and well-being of their dogs be printed and circulated amidst the masses;" and urges, in particular, the abolition of muzzles and chains, which, she contends, are not only useless but do incalculable harm.

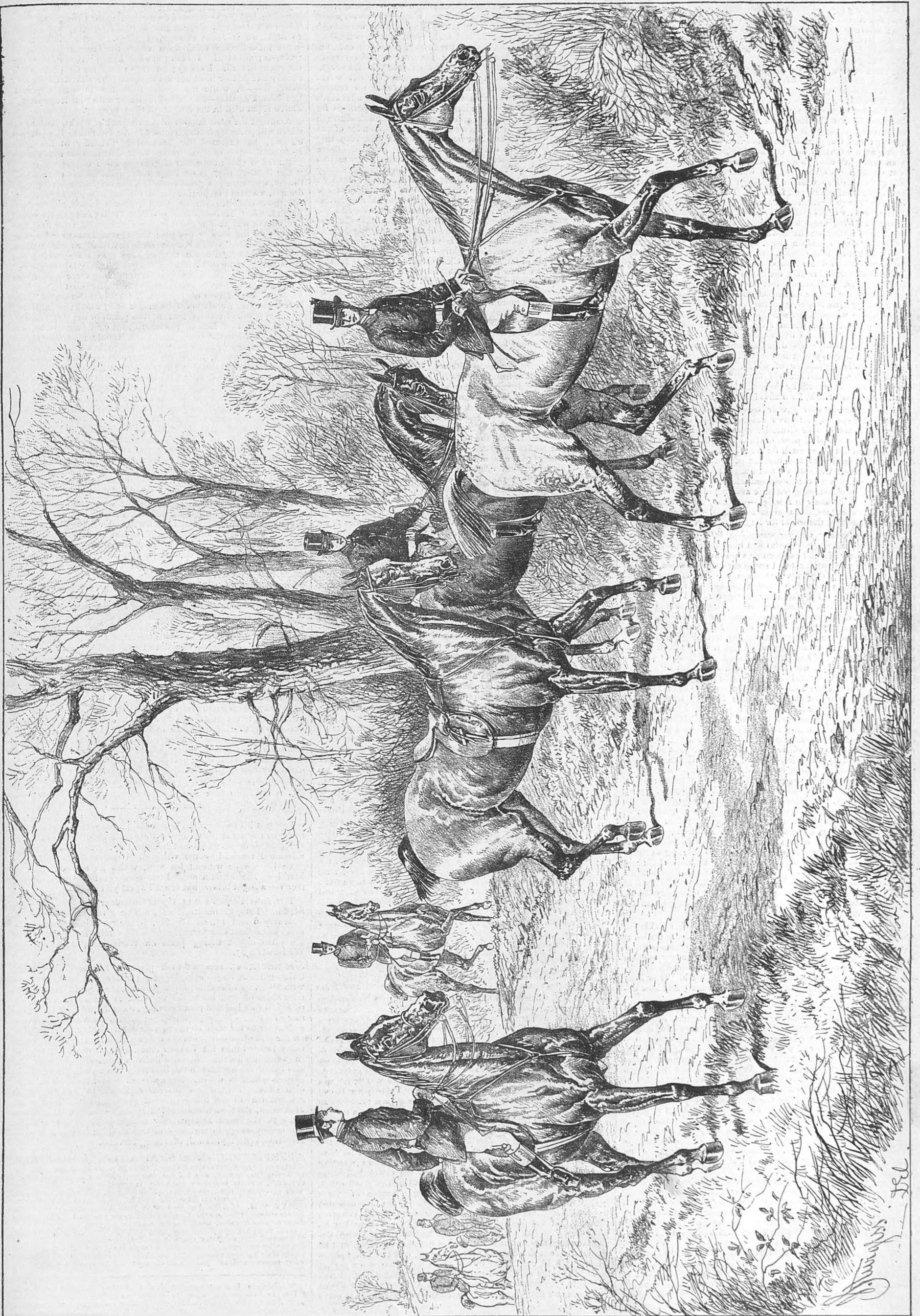
SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—On Saturday 32 untried saplings from the kennel of Mr. J. Salter, a well-known Essex coursing gentleman, were sold by auction at Aldridge's Repository. A litter of eight saplings, whelped by Satanella to Countryman, fetched 99gs.; two and a half brace, whelped by Siesta to Settingano last April, realised 39gs.; two brace, pupped last May, by Musidora to Balchristie, made 38½gs.; and three brace by Countryman and whelped by Tell the Truth last May, produced 69½gs.; and the 16 brace of saplings sold brought 296gs.

A PURSE of £500, with a handsome silver tea service, was presented to Mr. David Pullen, on Wednesday, at a dinner in St. James's-hall, Mr. William Gordon, M.P., presiding. Mr. Pullen has been for upwards of 30 years assistant secretary to Mr. Brandreth Gibbs in the management of the Smithfield Club Cattle Shows, and the Royal Agricultural Society's Shows; and the inscription on the plate expressed that the present was given by a large number of exhibitors at the shows, and other friends in recognition of his long and faithful services, and for his general courtesy on all occasions.

CHILBLAINS.—Instant relief and cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, is. 3d. a bottle.—[ADVT.]



SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "THE HIGHLANDERS," RECENTLY GIVEN AT BERLIN.



"HUNTERS SENT ON!"

THE LATE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

AT an early age I displayed a remarkable love for drawing, and a not less remarkable detestation of every other branch of education; whereby my fond parents came to entertain the idea that Nature intended their firstborn to be either a great dunce, or a great artist. George Cruikshank was then at the zenith of his fame and power; my father was one of his most enthusiastic admirers; and so it came about that a letter of introduction was obtained, on the strength of which myself and my little folio of rude pencil drawings, were one wintry day ushered into the great artist's studio. I remember neither the month nor the year, only that the house was a small one, in a quiet thoroughfare, in Clerkenwell, that the room was poorly furnished, and that the only striking thing in it was a fine large model of a ship fully rigged; that I was painfully shy, and that the kind-hearted artist, smiling at my blushes and confusion, placed me sympathisingly in an easy chair close to a great fire, gave me a slice of cake, and went on with his etching at the window, every now and then asking me questions without looking round, until at last we became quite comfortable and familiar. The upshot of that interview was George Cruikshank's admitting that I might become a worthy member of his craft if my parents could expend one small fortune in giving me a sound technical education, another, to enable me to study on the Continent, and a third, to support me in comfort while I made a name. Otherwise, he bitterly added, they had better make me a crossing-sweeper than an artist. Many and many a weary hour of despair and misery did George Cruikshank's terrible IF cost me in the years of my boyhood and early manhood. My parents had not even one small fortune to bestow upon my artistic education, so they took his advice, and in the anxiety of their love, resolutely determined that I should not be an artist; whereupon I secretly resolved, with a strength of will and obstinacy for which they never gave me credit, that I would be an artist. So commenced a long up-hill wearisome fight, of about twenty years' duration, which made me an old man before I was fairly a young one, in which the changeable odds were always woefully against me, of which, in one sense, I was the victor, for by pencil and brush I for many years supported myself, and, aided afterwards by the pen, a large family, but which, in another sense, must now, I am afraid, be considered a drawn battle.

This introduction may savour somewhat of egotism, but the recollection it speaks of throws sufficient light upon the early career of the late George Cruikshank to excuse it. For George was himself the son of a poor, obscure and struggling man, who had neither of the three small fortunes his son so long afterwards considered essential to the making of a successful artist; his father, too, Isaac Cruikshank, had been a self-educated, unaided artist, the son of a poor Scotch gentleman, who had gone "out in forty-five," and, escaping with life and loss of property, came to hide and begin life anew in London—we fancy we have been told, or have somewhere read, as a miniature painter—a lonely stranger, with every reason in the world for hugging obscurity.

Isaac Cruikshank was a poor, struggling, little-known miniature painter, artist, and engraver, had been left an orphan among strangers in early life, and had become a follower and contemporary of Gilray, the great political and social caricaturist, when, on the 27th of September, 1792, his second son, the late George Cruikshank was born, in the parish of Bloomsbury. In the art he was to flourish in so grandly, this poor boy never had any regular systematic instruction. Working and seeking or creating badly-paid-for work, doubtless occupied every hour of Isaac Cruikshank's time, and the only chance of education in art which the little child, George, had, was the little he obtained by watching his father at work. Bearing these things in mind, the reader will feel how much real bitterness of heart and kindness of intention there may have been in that unintentionally cruel and fatal "if," and in what strong sincerity and earnestness the exaggerated recommendation to make me a crossing-sweeper rather than an artist had its origin. For just about that time the full strength and real greatness of the late famous artist's genius had been grandly manifested, and its possessor must have been painfully conscious of the way in which its wings had been cruelly clipped in that loss of indispensably necessary training and education which alone unfitted him for the loftiest flights of his ambition. An article in *Fraser's Magazine*, the thirty-ninth of a series illustrated with portraits by MacIse, belonging to a date sufficiently near that I have alluded to, hinted so much in the following words:—"Of course, George is, like all other men of undoubted genius, a most ill used gentleman. As Mathews laments that the general obtuseness of the public will not recognise his talents for tragedy; as Liston mourns over the delusion which applauds him in Sam Swipes and Paul Pry, and does not permit him to appear as the Damon or Strephon of a sighing opera; so Cruikshank is shocked at the evil fate which consigns him to drawing sketches and caricatures, instead of letting him loose in his natural domain of epic or historical picture." Ruskin was of George Cruikshank's opinion, it seems, for speaking of him in his "Elements of Drawing," he said, "His tragic power, though rarely developed, and warped by habits of caricature, is, in reality, as great as his grotesque power."

Thackeray, in the *Westminster Review*, No. LXVI., speaking of George Cruikshank said: "He has told us a thousand new truths, in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome nature, caused a single painful or guilty blush. How little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him."

Most of you have seen those little quaintly old-fashioned chap-books, toy books for children, and songs for hawkers, with their coarse woodcuts, wretchedly printed on the cheapest of coarse, thin paper, which were common in the last and the commencement of the present century, when anything was good enough for children and the uneducated poor. Upon these and similar rude works of art the boy Cruikshank commenced his professional career, when he was about nine years old, and before he was eighteen he had won a prominent position in his profession. This will be remembered by those who visited an exhibition of his works held in Exeter Hall, in 1863, which consisted of nearly two hundred paintings and drawings, with over a thousand proof etchings, the earliest of which were dated 1799. In a preface to the catalogue of this exhibition, the artist said it originated in consequence of many persons having expressed their belief that the G. C. of his earlier works was not himself but his grandfather.

At one time George and his elder brother Robert Cruikshank started in business as miniature painters; the elder brother being the draughtsman, the younger, the colourist—the putter in of "the sublime," as Robert used to say; and some amusing stories are yet extant, belonging to this period. At another time it is said George Cruikshank narrowly escaped making the stage his profession.

In 1805 George Cruikshank witnessed and made sketches from Nelson's Funeral. In or about 1809, resolving that he would begin to study in real earnest, he applied for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy. Making the usual drawing from a cast, the first he had attempted, he took it himself to New Somerset House (where the Academy was then located), sent it up to the keeper, and waited below for a reply. The gentleman

who then held the office was a learned professor of literature and art; that "little, white-faced, lion-headed" eccentric painter, who wrote such excellent, and spoke such bad English, Henry Fuseli, R.A., an admirable teacher and a true gentleman, whom the students all loved and respected, although they were such a wild, rollicking, irrepressible and noisy crew, that on first taking office he said he had been made the keeper, not of students, but of wild beasts. After examining the drawing, and reading the letter which accompanied it, Fuseli told the messenger to tell the young man that he might come up, but would have to fight for a seat. The young man came up accordingly, fought for, and got a seat, and went home afterwards jubilant. Unfortunately for himself, however, and perhaps for art, that was his first and last appearance in the school, although he continued to attend the lectures during the remainder of the term. It was in this year, if it was as I think it was, 1809, that the O. P. Riots broke out in Covent Garden Theatre. These extraordinary disturbances, which intensely excited every section of society throughout the country, were witnessed and pictorially chronicled by young George Cruikshank in innumerable etchings, issued in quick succession, for which there was doubtless at the time an enormous sale. The demand for his satirical and caricature productions steadily increased from this time forth, and the temptation, or necessity, of earning money was probably the true reason why he abandoned his intention of studying regularly at the Academy, an intention which he did not again endeavour to carry out until—if I remember rightly—1853, when mindful, perhaps, of the time of life at which Cicero studied Greek, he applied for permission to draw in the Life School of the R. A. in due form, and sat down to recommence his professional career, a thoroughly, earnest-hearted and enthusiastic young student of sixty-four, thinking more than once or twice, you may be sure, of that evening when he fought for a seat under Fuseli in the school at Somerset House more than forty years before, and finding, we may be sure, a very different class of students. Within that time, alas, how many famous art students of the R. A. schools had come and gone!

In "A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," re-published some few years since from *Fraser's Magazine*, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a handsome and deeply interesting volume, there is a portrait of George Cruikshank, surreptitiously obtained by MacIse. In this, to quote the facile and versatile William Maginn, who died in 1842, "we have the sketcher sketched; and, as is fit, he is sketched sketching. Here is George Cruikshank—the George Cruikshank—seated upon the head of a barrel, catching inspiration from the scenes presented to him in a pot-house, and consigning the ideas of the moment to immortality on the top of his hat." This plate was originally published in eighteen-thirty something, we forget the exact year, and on another page the reader will find a fac-simile reproduction of it, together with George Cruikshank's eccentric and characteristic signature.

Maginn goes on to say, "The first of Cruikshank's works known to us are his caricatures of George IV. and his friends. Tories as we were and are, and as we trust we still shall be, these comic paintings haunt our imagination. The poor old king in every attitude of ludicrous distress (the 'Fat in the Fire' was perfection); Copley (sketched, as we have been assured merely from description, and yet a great likeness); Castlereagh (but even the professed caricaturist could not destroy the gentlemanly grace of that noble face and figure); the 'Waterloo Man' with his sword dropping into the scale against the pen; the various persons, jailers, jockeys, lawyers and the rest, were first rate. As Cruikshank himself says of Gilray, 'He that did these things was a great man, sir—a very great man, sir!' To Cruikshank, however, they were productive of nothing but the fame of their cleverness and the odium of their politics; as Hone, for whom and his blockhead authors, George's talent floated the dire rubbish of the 'House that Jack Built' and other witless productions, never paid him for what he had done." A note of later date attached to the above says, "What a flood of kindly emotions, love, admiration, respect and gratitude, are excited by the mention of that suggestive and familiar name (George Cruikshank)! The delight of our grandfathers, who were wont to tell us how they fought their way through the crowd that blocked up Hone's or Fairburn's windows in Ludgate Hill, half a century ago, to catch a glimpse of the new cut of 'The Dandy of Sixty'; our own wonder ere we knew the difference between wood-cut and etching; our very children—if we have any—are now collecting him as an 'Old Master' and giving fabulous sums for scraps which we happily laid in at an easier rate, to afford us a never-failing fund of amusement and instruction." Cruikshank illustrated the first volume of Pierce Egan's "Boxiana," published in 1812, a book in which, as a child, I first made his acquaintance. His connection with the "Scourge," a satirical publication, made that publication an immense success. In 1820 commenced his connection with William Hone, then a struggling publisher, with whom he was long associated as a caricaturist, and by whom he was not, as Maginn says, paid nothing, for Hone paid munificently and promptly the sums agreed upon—for the more important etchings half a guinea each! and for the others less in proportion. In an attack upon Hone, addressed to him, and called "Slop's shave at a Broken Hone," published in 1820, the following lines referring to George Cruikshank appear:—

Make much of that droll dog, and feed him fat:
Your gains would fall off sadly in amount,
Should he once think your letter-press too flat,
And take to writing on his own account:
Your libels then would sell about as quick, sir,
As bare quack labels would without th' elixir.

And, indeed, when we remember that the caricatures thus spoken of often went through as many as nineteen editions, and secured a sale of a quarter of a million of copies, the pay does seem wretchedly small—"nothing." The profit must have been exceedingly large, but it appears that Cruikshank never complained, and the pay, poor as it was, probably may have been in advance of the sums George had previously received from others. In those days bad pay for art work was a rule with very few exceptions. When Hone was prosecuted George Cruikshank was active and earnest in concocting his defence. Dining one day with Hone, in the Dog Chop-house, Holywell-street, Cruikshank proposed to him the publication of a comic newspaper, which soon after appeared under the title of "A Slap at Slop." It was a great success. In the year 1821, George Cruikshank and his elder brother Robert prepared a series of plates, intended to expose the fashionable follies of what was then called "Life" in London. These fell into the hands of a well-known sporting man and writer, Pierce Egan, who printed the plates, had them coloured, and wrote up to them in a still well-known work called "Life in London, or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his Friend, Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Spree through the Metropolis." This created a perfect furore, but its purpose was so foreign to that George had entertained when designing the plates and making studies from life for them, that he retired from his share of the task in disgust, and the latter plates were, it is said, completed by his brother. There was a perfect scramble for the work, and it could not be printed fast enough to supply the demand. It was pirated in America and had almost as large a sale in that country. Imitations of it sprang up in every direction. It was sung about in street ballads all over London, and was promptly produced upon the stage, on which it has ap-

peared from time to time ever since. Moncrieff founded a piece on it, which had the then astounding run of nearly three hundred nights, under the management of Mr. Yates at the Adelphi Theatre; and Egan himself dramatised it for Covent Garden.* There is a story told of Egan and Moncrieff meeting and coming to high words about these rival plays. Pierce Egan called Moncrieff a literary thief, upon which the latter replied hotly, "No, sir; not at all. I'll tell you what, Pierce; Rodwell sent me the books to read. I did so; but they posed me for a month. I could make neither head nor tail of them. So what did I do, sir? Why, d—e, wrote my piece from the inimitable plates. Cruikshank's plates—and boiled my kettle with your letter press." Pierce Egan died in the August of 1849, aged 77.

Amongst the most famous of Cruikshank's works, and those which will probably be most valued in the future, are the series of etchings he executed for Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion"—the original water-colour drawings for which were exhibited in 1863; the series of glyptographic engravings called "The Bottle," 1847, in six large plates published at one shilling the set, which made a great sensation, and originated several new dramas, wherein the pictures were realised in tableaux of a very effective character, especially at the Britannia Saloon, and by Mrs. Sarah Lane. "Mornings in Bow-street" (1825 and 71), for which Cruikshank was paid at the rate of five guineas each for the large and two for the smaller designs; the illustrations to "German Popular Stories," which Ruskin once described as the "finest things, next to Rembrandt, that we have seen since etching was invented." Many of his illustrations to Dickens' "Oliver Twist," Fielding and Smollett's and Washington Irving's works, Harrison Ainsworth's "Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "Guy Fawkes," the "Tower of London," and "Jack Sheppard" (the latter raised the circulation of the magazine in which they appeared by seven hundred copies), some of the plates of the "Omnibus" (edited for him by Lemon Blanchard), his comic almanacks, &c. His recent attempts at oil painting will only misrepresent his genius to posterity; and I never pass that patchwork conglomeration of feebly-drawn, ill-coloured scraps on the lobby wall of the National Gallery, called "The Triumph of Bacchus," without wishing to smuggle it away into some obscure temperance club, and put in its place a few of the glorious works already enumerated; works which have moved to enthusiastic admiration the keenest art critics of the present generation and the past, as they will assuredly move critics of generations yet to come. The late Walter Thornbury said of Cruikshank's "Progress of Crime:—" "There seems to me quite as much thought and heart, and moral power about this work as about any of Hogarth's or Durer's; and I am firmly convinced that Cruikshank, when he dies (which may God long avert), and death has given a sacred character to his works in our national collection of English art (if we ever have one), will be one of our most venerated old masters."

In appearance, the late eminent artist was somewhat remarkable. Of the middle height, and broad shouldered, with a keen eye, usually having a somewhat fixed and intent expression, an aquiline nose, and long hair and whiskers carelessly arranged about his rather long face, his presence was apt to attract attention even where he was unknown. It is said that he was at one time for a brief period on the stage, and in early life intended to make it his profession, and he has often appeared in amateur performances. I remember seeing him play "Macbeth" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, not very many years ago, and when Charles Dickens organised his corps of amateur actors for a series of performances now famous, George Cruikshank was found a very capable and successful member of the company. In athletic exercises, too, he was a tolerable adept: he could row, fence, box, and used at one time to regularly "pull" to Richmond and back. He was twice married, but has had, we believe, no children by either wife. His second wife is still living. One of his biographers wrote of him—"The talent which he possessed has certainly never been abused. Whilst he was making the people laugh he was generally teaching them. He has carefully avoided everything which could even by implication sanction vice. He has assailed sin in the palace equally as in the cottage, and it is great praise to say that although in his younger days he assailed those in power, he has refused a great price for work which would cost him little labour because he would offend none personally." George Cruikshank died peacefully on Friday week at his residence, by Mornington Crescent, the house previously occupied by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. His Life has yet to be written.

DOUBLEVUE.

DURING his swim up the Tagus Captain Boyton was compelled to stop 24 hours at the village of Puebla de Montauban, in order to repair his dress, which had become torn. He has been everywhere well received by the villagers. Captain Boyton will continue his voyage without his boat, which he has sent back to Madrid. The captain arrived on Sunday at Talavera, having received a slight bruise, but started again yesterday.

THE entertainments at 14, Upper Grosvenor street, in aid of the Stafford House Committee Fund, will be given on Wednesdays, February 6 and 13, on Monday, February, 18—instead of the 20th, on account of a performance at the Globe Theatre, in aid of the same object taking place on Wednesday, 20th—and on Wednesday, 27.

A FRIGHTFUL accident took place on Sunday night last, at Calais fair. A large circus, holding 3 000 persons, was one of the attractions. In the midst of the performance a panic, caused by a false alarm of fire, made the audience in the second-class seats rush down an inclined plank serving as a staircase from the upper row of seats. Many persons fell; others followed in a wild endeavour to get through the narrow door. Those behind forced off the outer boarding from the upper part of the staircase, whence many jumped into the Grande Place, and others on the tops of the adjoining booths. In a few minutes around the doorway, and also below the opening in the boarding, was a struggling mass of persons a yard in depth. Nine persons were killed. Two have died since. Five others are not expected to recover. The commandant of the 8th Regiment quartered in Calais, and M. Monvoisin, the Commissaire of Police, strongly exerted themselves to check the panic and partially mitigated it. The loss of life was mainly owing to the supplemental door for escape in case of accidents, opening inward, becoming blocked.

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*Richardson, in his "Recollections of the Last Half Century," says "Life in London put upwards of £10,000 into the pockets of the proprietors of the Adelphi, whilst Pierce Egan never received more than one hundred pounds for his services." But most other authorities mention Moncrieff as the author of the Adelphi play.

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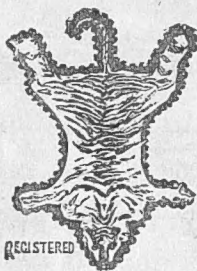
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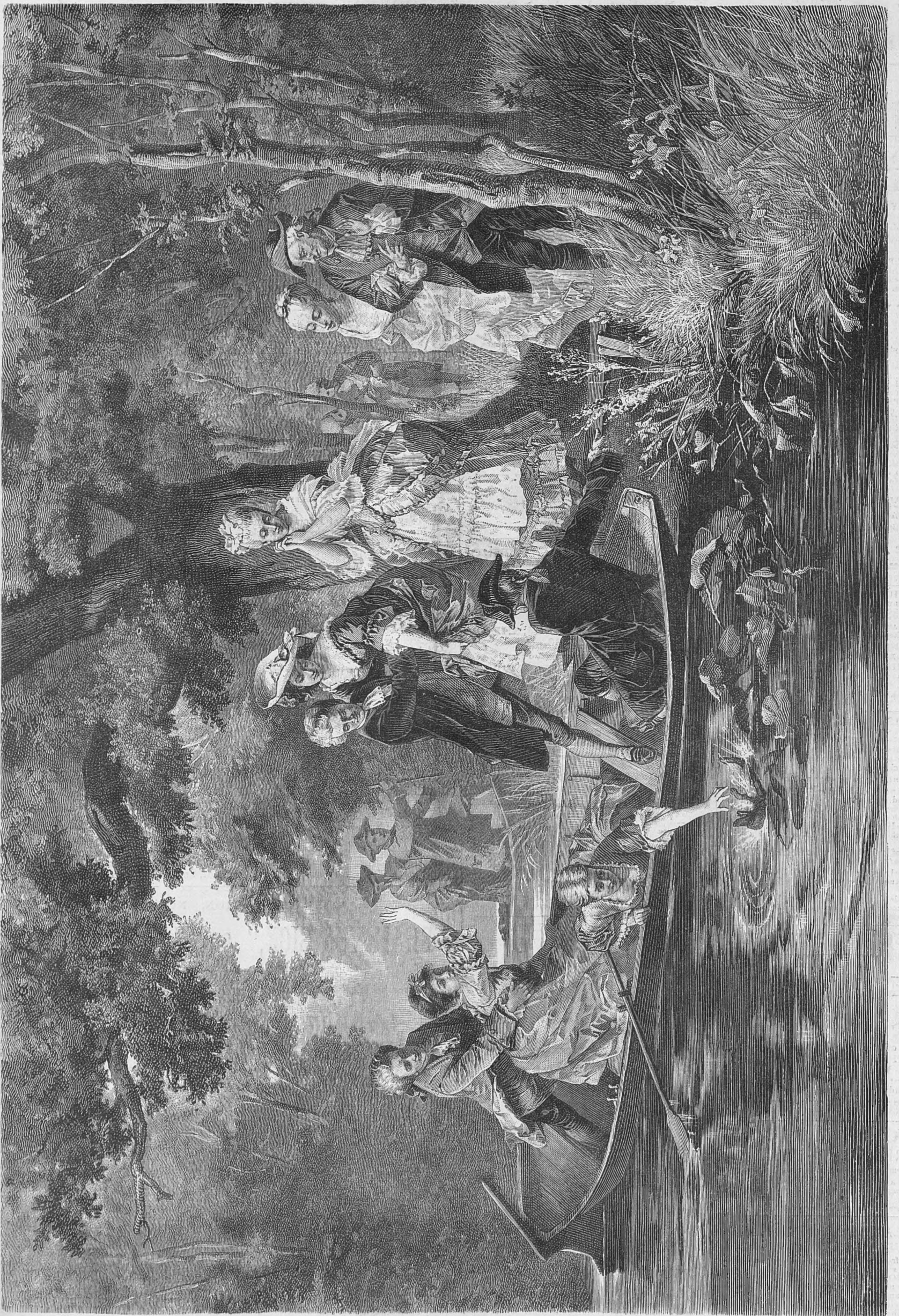
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